

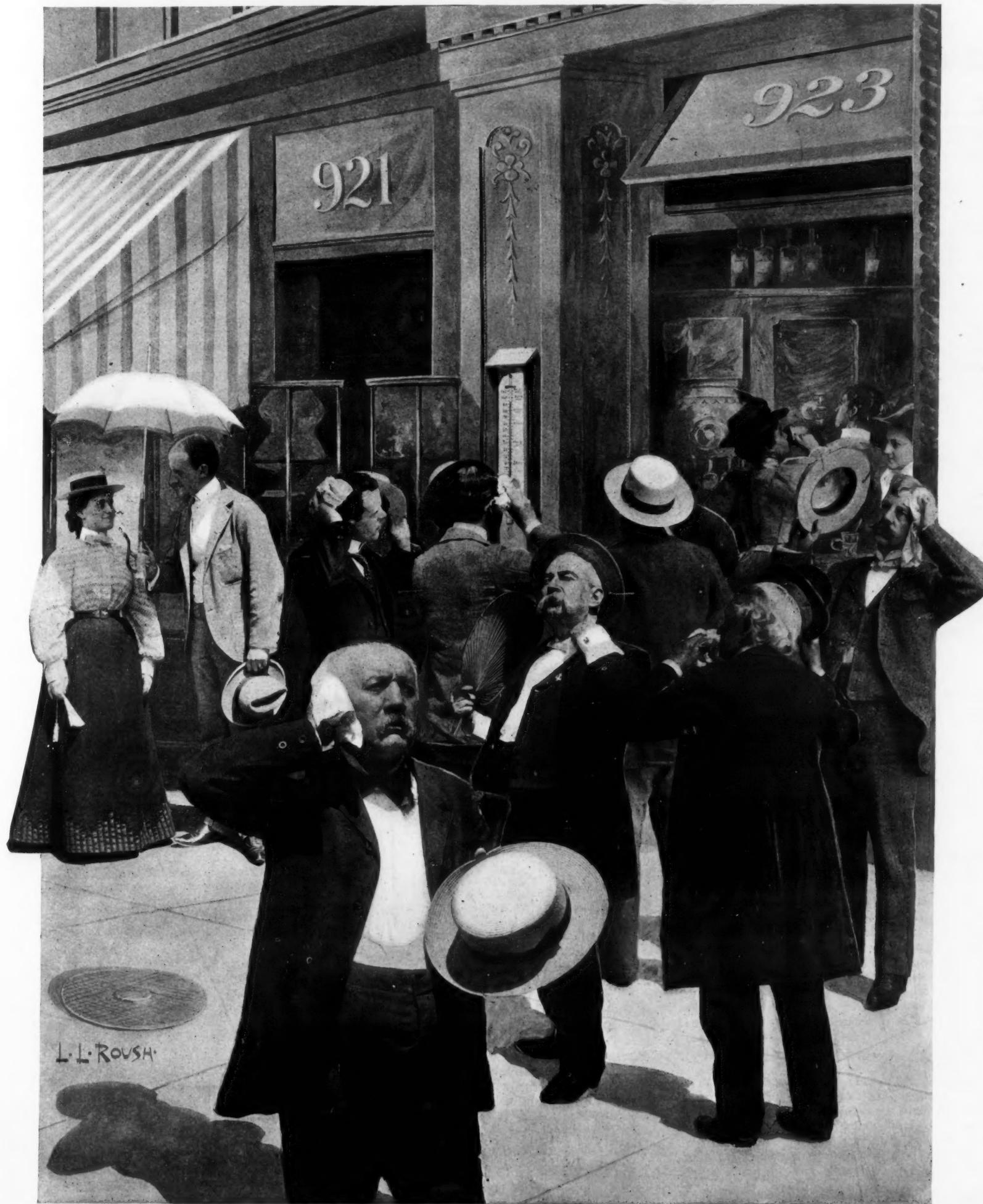
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK.

We used to think that New York was the pleasantest and most engaging summer resort in all America. And so a great many persons—some hundreds of thousands—still find it; but since the meteorological experts substituted "humidity" for "muggy," and began measuring the degree of saturation of the atmosphere, the people in New York in July and August have learned what hot weather is, and have experienced manifold discomforts. But however hot the day, the night usually brings a breeze laden with the coolness of the near-by sea.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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### The Prosperity of 1897.

NATURE herself, seems eager to give her bounteous aid to the people of the United States in their patient effort to gain and maintain the blessings of industrial and commercial activity. While other influences created by the triumph of the principles of honor and good-faith at the national election last November have slowly but surely fostered the impulses that make for prosperity, much depended upon the harvests of the year 1897.

It has sometimes been said that the iron and steel trade is the important agent in developing and continuing prosperity in the United States, but some error is in that assertion. That business is the indication of healthful conditions, not the cause of them. The harvests of wheat, corn, and other breadstuffs, and of cotton, are the great inspiring causes of a condition of the people which causes all to rejoice, and make dumb or of no avail those who are disposed to preach calamity and the suffering of the masses.

Great harvests compel the railways to employ to the utmost all their resources, that the crops may be hauled to the markets. They give employment to many thousands who would otherwise be idle. They vastly increase the amount of wages paid out, thus making it possible for those who have been compelled to husband every cent to spend more, thereby increasing the demand for all kinds of products.

In addition to this, if it so happens that in other wheat and corn-producing countries of the world there be a shortage in the crops, then the greater demand for American cereals makes prices better, so that even with a vast harvest the farmers receive more for their crops than in a year when the whole earth is blessed with plenty.

That is likely to be the condition this year. The crops in India, the Argentines, and Australia are below the average. In the United States they promise to be enormous. Europe must turn to us for her food supplies, and we shall be able to meet the demand. Already the export movement has begun, and ocean steamships have been chartered until late in the fall to carry grain to Great Britain and other countries across the sea. Prices, too, are good, so that the farmers will receive many million dollars for their crops more than they would have been able to obtain but for this great demand from abroad for American food.

Thus in a single Territory, Oklahoma, it has been reported that the farmers will get as much as fifteen million dollars for the wheat they have already harvested. Thus the lesson will again be taught, as it was last fall, that it is supply and demand which fix the price of agricultural products, and not the gold standard, or the silver standard, or a double standard.

With the new tariff in operation, with abundant harvests and a great demand for them, with an administration pledged to maintain the parity of our currency, there is no reason why the United States should not enter, before the close of this year, upon a season of most satisfactory prosperity.

### William the Witless.

THE Emperor of Germany must always be doing something to disturb the serenity of his subjects, and at the same time confirm the suspicion that he is not entirely right in his mind. For twelve months or so his main idea has been to make Germany a "world-power," just as the main idea in his imperial brain for several years previous had been the complete extermination of socialism within his empire and also the rest of the world. The result of his war on the socialists has been that numerically, and also as a political party, they are stronger than ever in Germany, and stronger also in the countries where many Germans have settled. It may be not more than fair, under these circumstances, to conclude that the Emperor made a mess of the execution of this particular fad.

In his efforts to make Germany a "world-power" he is sure that he needs a great navy. Though the Reichstag has refused to make the necessary appropriation, he has persisted in his ship-building, imitating Bismarck and William I., who went ahead more than thirty years ago with the building up of the army, even though no credits had been voted. But this witless Emperor, whose sword seems a lath made to look like steel, cannot be compared either in resourcefulness or in determination to the mighty minister of blood and iron who built up the German empire despite the paltering timidity of the monarch whose grandson is now the Emperor.

But there are other things the Emperor feels called upon

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to attend to. France he always has on his hands. He would destroy French nationality because it is French and because France is a republic. Recently he has been angered by the prosperity and the strength of the English colonial system, and has intimated a desire to form a coalition of all the world against Great Britain. And now the United States excites his wrath and arouses his ineffectual activities.

We wonder if William the Witless imagines for a moment that the citizens in the United States of German birth and German parentage would support him in case he should succeed in fomenting a war? There is no telling what this marvelous "war-lord" imagines, but there is absolute certainty that in America there are no others more patriotic than those of German birth and German blood. Of course there will be no such conflict, but in such an improbable contingency the German-Americans would prove, as they always have, that they are a loyal, patriotic, and courageous section of the American people.

The Emperor, with ideas always changing as to the proper policy to pursue, is also always changing the men who cringe and swagger in his train. For Germany the future seems to be full of uncertainty and peril, as the leader appears not to know in which direction he is leading, and even those with foresight almost equivalent to the gift of prophecy seem baffled when they attempt to predict what will become of that supremacy which Bismarck gave to the German empire a quarter of a century ago.

### Gold in Alaska.

HE reports that have been current for a year or so of rich finds of gold in Alaska have been verified, and it seems to be quite true that this Territory of the United States is as rich as any gold-field that has ever been discovered. There has been a rush for Alaska for some time, but the difficulties in getting to the gold-fields are very great, infinitely greater than those the Argonauts encountered when going to California in '49.

But these difficulties will not discourage those who have the strength and the determination to succeed after reaching this new El Dorado. Any man, however, who could make his way to the Yukon district, where the finds are richest, and survive the hardships of work and residence in that rough and almost foodless country, could succeed also in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, or in any place, no matter how sharp the rivalry and competition.

There are men, however, with adventuresomeness in their very blood, and it is well for them that there should be new places in the world and difficult tasks to accomplish. Where one such man will come back from Alaska with a rich reward for his labor and his courage, a hundred weaklings, with nothing more substantial than dreams to sustain them, will perish miserably on the way. Such, however, is life everywhere, and the record of successes and failures is not much different in Juneau from that in New York.

### The Handsome Western Leg.

FEW weeks ago this journal ventured to say that the legs of the average summer man were not beautiful, and that their disposition to bow and bend and sag, following the contours of the summer hosiery, did not add to the innocent joys or the artistic satisfactions of the warm-weather season. This frank opinion has not found favor in the great city of Chicago, where magnificent distances and lightning-express trolley lines make the development of legs a dire necessity. One of the leading journals informs us with vigor and emphasis that the masculine legs we spoke of belong to the effete East, where the decadence of an aging civilization is fast making the race look to the great and growing West for the new, rich blood and the manly pulchritude which are to save it from hopeless decay. And it invites us to go to Chicago and look at these masculine legs; to see them bulging in their golf-stockings, with a real swelling of flesh and no stuffing of sawdust or other adventitious matter.

It is hard to get out of a situation like this. That Chicago is full of fine masculine legs is easy to admit. There are fine masculine legs even at Ocean Grove and Cottage City, and there must be a plenty of them in the bounding West, where muscle is plentiful. The hustler has to have muscle, and Chicago is the city of hustlers, and as even babies are taught to use a pneumatic bottle, and children are on wheels before they get out of long dresses, it necessarily follows that the anatomy below the knee is well brought forth. We thank Chicago for the invitation, but this is warm weather and it is twenty-four hours to Chicago, even by the ceaseless trains of Brother Daniels.

### The Value of Good Men.

IT has been pointed out by one or two writers, but not sufficiently emphasized in the general comment, that the one great reason for Great Britain's unparalleled development is in the fact that her policy has been to utilize in her work the best ability she could command. Her ministers, her diplomats, her agents, and all her representatives on whose personal qualifications depend suc-

cess and expansion, are selected as carefully as the confidential employés of the most exacting business, and the whole machinery of government is manned and operated by the very best material that the nation can furnish. There is not anywhere—nor does history contain a parallel—such a body of men in whom and among whom there is less corruption. John Bull may steal territory, and his conduct towards gold-mines may be called by very harsh names, and the peoples he takes under his protection may suffer and may disappear, but the men who do his work do it honestly and do it well. He is an employer who demands the best, even when it is to do the worst.

We frankly admit that in the public life of this country we do not always get the best. The present Congress, with many able members, does not afford a gratifying average of greatness; and the Senate, which we are fond of calling the ablest legislative body in the world, is not measuring up to the boast. For several years, now, we find mediocre politicians getting into Senatorial places that should be filled by able men. The disaster is not only a lower public life, but the loss of men who might be brought into the country's service if the people insisted more on fitness and ability and less on practical politics. We have a good illustration in Maine. This State has picked out her best men—or some of her best men—and has kept them in both branches of Congress. The consequence is that Maine wields more real influence in national legislation to-day than any two States in the country. This is a broad statement, but those who know Washington life and the *modus operandi* of Congressional work know it to be a fact.

### Angels.

“**T**HERE are no female angels,” declared an evangelist preaching in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on a recent Sunday. Such flat-footed dogma, it is reported, caused an audible titter among the women of the congregation, and “there was an expression of incredulity on the faces of many.” No wonder! Yet the preacher went on to show, what indeed is an undisputed fact, that nowhere in the Bible is there any mention of female angels. On the contrary, wherever in either the Old or the New Testament the sex of these divine messengers, or good or evil spirits, is referred to specifically, they are “men.” Of course the Scriptures are the final and only real authority on the subject; and the popular interpretations by painters and poets generally are either in direct accord or non-committal. Spenser, for example, sings of

“The blessed angels God sends to and fro  
To serve to wicked men, to serve His wicked foe,”

but he is careful to remain neutral in the matter of gender.

A notable case of exception, perhaps, might be made out from Shakespeare's famous sonnet, describing the “two loves,” respectively of comfort and despair, which tempt him:

“The better angel is a man, right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.”

The poet is perplexed at times to know whether his good angel be turned fiend, or *vice versa*.

“Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.”

But surely no one wants to make out a case by taking this love-sonnet literally. Better no women angels, indeed, than a “worser spirit” of femininity engaged in “firing out” her good brethren.

The fact is that the female angel, whether orthodox or not, is a cherished belief which the world will not willingly let die. It is not necessary, after all, that the Bible shall specifically recognize her, so long as it does not declare her *nil*. Only a few weeks ago, in these very columns of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, it was ably demonstrated by Mr. James Manning Bruce, in a discussion of “Orthodox Angels” and wings, that the Bible really tells us nothing about the nature of angels, but only that there are such beings, superior in nature to ourselves, benignly interested in our welfare, and contending for us against the powers of evil. We naturally turn to woman as being the only concrete embodiment of these high qualities, and “ever bright and fair.” Even the literal signification of the word angel—a messenger, or *bearer of tidings*—is a characteristic indication of her sex.

Tell us not, then, in mournful numbers, that the female angel is but an empty dream. If that were so, heaven would be scarcely worth striving for. Rather compromise the argument, with the assurance that, if angels are not women, there are certainly women who are angels.

### PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—A LONDON reviewer recently twitted Jerome K. Jerome about a little lapse in grammar, and his warm reply in the columns of the offending newspaper is one of the choicest bits of humor with which Mr. Jerome has ever favored the public. “I am rather tired,” he writes, “of being taught grammar by people who have never learnt it. I have given more months to the study of English grammar than the average book-reviewer would appear to have given hours.” Nothing in the “Three

"Men in a Boat" is quite so funny as this, and if the news of it ever reaches the house-boat on the Styx it will greatly interest the shade of Lindley Murray.

= The trial, conviction, and sentence to imprisonment in the Salem jail for eighteen months of Jeremiah T. O'Sullivan, the



MR. JEREMIAH T. O'SULLIVAN.

everybody regarded it as extremely severe. There had been only one other sentence to jail prior to O'Sullivan's, for criminal libel, by the Massachusetts courts in nearly one hundred years. O'Sullivan became prominent in Democratic politics last fall. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention, and was one of George Fred Williams's most enthusiastic supporters. After the convention he delved into silver politics, and spoke for the Chicago platform and its candidate all over New England. Since his release from the Salem jail Mr. O'Sullivan is reported as showing signs of improvement, so that Governor Wolcott's timely action may be the means of prolonging his life.

= It was away back in the late 'seventies when Jim Tyng, as all his friends call him, used to catch Ernst on the Harvard nine. Tyng was really a better pitcher than Ernst, but there was no one in college, at that time, who could hold him, and he therefore went behind the bat. They were a great pair, Ernst and Tyng, as old Yale and Princeton men still remember to their sorrow. After leaving Harvard, Tyng pitched for several years for the Staten Island Cricket and Base-ball Club. But the palmy days of amateur base-ball were already numbered, and with the introduction of the professional battery the ex-college pitchers were forced out. Then golf came along, and the old 'varsity "stars," Tyng and Toler and Edwards and Terry, gave the new game a dubious trial. Of course it promptly fascinated them all, and Tyng developed a remarkable game in a surprisingly short space of time. Utterly indifferent to the orthodox canons of style, Tyng puts up an article of golf that is at least justified by its success. He is what a Scotchman would call a "dour" player; he always golfs his hardest, and as he is gifted with the eye of a hawk and a heaven-sent wrist, the ball has to go. At the championship meeting at Shinnecock last July, Tyng was greatly fancied by the "professional" element, and it was a surprise to them all when Coats put him out in the second round. However, Tyng was really off his best game—"overgolfed," in technical language. This year he has been playing more steadily than ever, having won, up to date, three out of four first-class open events from the pick of Eastern "cracks." As for minor cups and medals, his collection bids fair to rival that of Zimmerman, the rifle-shot.

= Mr. David N. Burke, the United States consul-general at Tangier, in Morocco, has not had an uneventful time since he went to his new post last autumn. And now, owing to complications which have called for some American men-of-war to his support, he probably has an opportunity to distinguish himself. When Mr. Burke was sent to Tangier things in the American consulate were in a bad shape, and the American name was not held in high esteem. Firearms, which cannot be imported into Morocco lawfully, were taken in under the visé of the American consul free of duty. This made a scandal, and has made enemies for Mr. Burke of those who profited by the illegal traffic, to which he put a stop. But he has persisted in his course and has won the approval of the department. Mr. Burke is a native of Vermont, and was graduated from Middlebury College. He was a school-teacher for twenty years, and in 1886 entered the consular service. He was first at Puerto, then at Bahia. Later he was sent to Pernambuco, then to Malaga, in Spain, where he stayed two years. Therefore, when he went to Tangier he was a veteran in the service, and not a good or safe man to trifle with. It is expected that the present administration will retain him.

= The drawing-master to Queen Victoria's children, a Mr. Corbould, has just published a volume of reminiscences, including this novel anecdote about the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon: "On reaching the palace one morning, the Prince of Wales showed me a drawing he had just finished. Napoleon was depicted on horseback, leveling a pistol at the Duke of Wellington, who was advancing to cut down his great enemy. While I was looking at the drawing, who should come in but the duke himself! 'Why, the very man who can best criticise my drawing!' cried the prince. 'Now, can you tell me who that is on the left? he went on, presenting the sketch to the duke. 'Well,' replied the latter, deliberately, 'judging from the waistcoat and the cocked-hat, I should say it was meant for Napoleon.' 'Right,' said the prince. 'And who is the other figure?' 'By the cut of

the jib,' returned the duke, calmly, 'I should say it was myself.' 'Right again. Well, now, is the drawing accurate? That's what I want to know.' The duke rose, put down the sketch, and thus impressively addressed the Prince of Wales: 'My boy, I'm going to tell you something that the English people don't seem to realize. I was sent out to keep Napoleon in check, but never in my life have I set eyes on him!' Once, in the midst of a battle, some one cried, 'Look, there's Napoleon!' but before I could get the glass to my eye the smoke from a field-gun had enveloped him.'

= The American war play, "Secret Service," is an unqualified popular success in London just as it was in New York, but it fails to please the cynical but brilliant Mr. Bernard Shaw, who says of it:

"The fact that it is brightly and imaginatively done in the American style, instead of stupidly and only half literally in the Strand style, has imposed ludicrously on the English critics; but the article is the old article, only more aggressively machine-made than our clumsy hands would have left it. It has a capital situation, in Mr. Gillette's best style, at the end of the second act. But this, like all the other situations, takes a huge deal of leading up to, and leads to nothing itself, being so speedily forgotten that before half an hour has elapsed the heroine quite forgets that it has involved, apparently, an act of fratricide on the part of the hero. The hero, by the way, is a spy; and why the intelligent gentleman (the only sensible man in the piece) who objects to him should be execrated as a villain, whilst all the rest rally round their betrayer and want to shake his hand repeatedly, is more than I can quite understand. I cannot even plead for him that

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood;  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true";

for he first spies on the South and then, at the critical moment, betrays the North for purely personal reasons. Altogether an unredeemed rascal. But Mr. Gillette plays him with so manly an air that the audience does not stop to ask what it is applauding; and everybody seems delighted. I confess I was disappointed."

= Here is Senator Mark A. Hanna, of Ohio, in his office in Washington. Mr. Hanna is so much a man of affairs that he



SENATOR MARK A. HANNA.

cannot attend to his personal business in a committee-room at the Capitol, and he therefore has private offices where he is hard at work every morning before the sittings of the Senate. All indications from Ohio point to the return of Mr. Hanna to the Senate at the expiration of his present term. There have been stories of opposition to him on the part of a Foraker faction, but these in all likelihood were merely stories. Mr. Hanna is too powerful with the administration and too influential with his party for any wise politician to think of fighting him out of idle jealousy. And there is a grave doubt as to whether Mr. Foraker is jealous of his colleague.

= Suburbanites coming to town from Jersey in the morning sometimes see together on the Hoboken ferry-boat a trio of bronzed young men whose names are very much in print during the season of tennis tournaments. Wrenn, Hobart, and Larned compose this trio—the former and the present champion and their most formidable opponent. Larned lives in Summit, which his father half owns, and Hobart in the neighboring village of Murray Hill, where he married Millionaire Shultz's daughter, and Wrenn is frequently their guest. The three old-time rivals are very chummy. They have an occasional set together on the tennis-court, or ride down of a Sunday afternoon to the cozy home of the Baltusrol Golf Club, on the edge of Short Hills.

= Flag Day, the 14th of June, which is the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes by the Continental Congress,

is more or less observed all over the country—less observed in most places, it is sad to say, and more observed than anywhere else in Denver, Colorado. As was shown in a recent article in this paper, Flag Day in Denver is one of the great events of the year, and is a time when every citizen exalts himself by renewing his allegiance to his country and his country's flag. That Denver should have made

more of Flag Day than any other city or neighborhood is in great measure due to Mr. Ralph Voorhees, the president of the Colorado society of Sons of the Revolution. It was Mr. Voorhees who suggested the form of the celebration in Denver, and his patriotic zeal has kept his colleagues up to the high mark of enthusiasm.

= Of the numerous honorary degrees that the colleges showered with lavish hand at commencement-time on various deserving persons there was none more gratifying to the recipient's friends than the LL.D. which the University of Wisconsin conferred on John Muir. The gray-headed discoverer of the great Alaskan glacier, though not often heard of in the East, is in many respects California's favorite son, and he is properly regarded on the Pacific coast as one of the greatest scientists of the time. In brow and nose and in the general contour of his

head he resembles, except for the difference in age, the sculptor, St. Gaudens, who not only breaks the record among artists by his two degrees—Princeton's Lit.D. and Harvard's M.A.—but has his fame embalmed as a result of the bad Latin of the Shaw memorial inscription, by the best Latin pun of a generation—the *omnia relinquunt Gaudens servare rem publican* suggested in Boston to correct the original inscription. Ian Maclaren adds a Yale D.D. to the other fruits of his American tour, and one cannot help thinking, while taking into consideration the financial returns of his trip, that he fared eminently well.

= Miss Gertrude Josephine Dwyer, of San Antonio, was crowned Queen of Texas at the Waco Karnival held at Waco

in May last. One of the features of the carnival was a contest among the different "queens," sent from the various cities of Texas, as to who should be crowned "Queen of Queens," and on behalf of the Lone Star State carry greetings to President Diaz, of the Republic of Mexico, on his birthday. The distinction included for the queen a Mexican holiday, and her escort through the Republic of Mexico and entertainment by the various Governors and the President.

MISS GERTRUDE JOSEPHINE DWYER. The award was made by fifteen judges selected from cities other than those that sent queens. About forty cities were represented, and the beauty of Texas congregated. The prize was to go to the most beautiful and most royally attired woman. The fifteen judges unanimously selected Miss Gertrude Josephine Dwyer and crowned her queen of queens. On July 2d the "royal" party started on the trip, and they have been receiving a splendid welcome in the land of the Montezumas. Miss Dwyer was born in San Antonio, and is the youngest child of the late Joseph E. Dwyer, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Texas. Her mother, Mrs. Annette Dwyer, was a belle of Kentucky. Her uncle, Beriah Magoffin, was Governor of Kentucky, and her father was General James W. Magoffin. Miss Gertrude is a brunette, with perfect figure and stately bearing.

= Reports come from London that General Miles appropriated to his own use pretty nearly all the quarters provided for the use of the staff of Special Ambassador Reid, who represented the United States at the Queen's jubilee. When Admiral Miller arrived he found scanty room for himself and his aide, and as quickly as possible moved to another hotel. We know not as to the truth of this charge against General Miles, but we are afraid that it is so. General Miles did good service during the war, and his Indian campaigns were vigorous and effective, but of late there has always been a suggestion of the *opera bouffe* soldier in his public appearances, and we fear that he has become a confirmed *poseur*, more or less deafened to other sounds than the buzzing of the Presidential bee in his bonnet. So it is not wonderful that he should have forgotten, in the contemplation of his own self-importance, that a mere rear-admiral in the navy had any rights worthy of his respect.

MR. HORACE L. CHAPMAN. Horace L. Chapman, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, is a native of New York State, but has lived in Ohio forty years, and has become rich through his own efforts. His early life was spent on a farm—a fact never forgotten by a candidate for office. From the farm he went into mercantile pursuits, and is now a bank president, a coal operator on a large scale, and a manufacturer of bicycles. Although very short in stature, Mr. Chapman is a vigorous "little giant," and has a remarkable voice. It is strident, sonorous and searching according to mood and circumstance, and in conventions of his party he has been noted for his speeches.

= Mr. Lionel Johnson's article on Victorian literature—a subject he ought to be abundantly able to treat—has been appreciated and caviled at by English critics, as any candid comment was sure to be. He says: "There is the art which produced the pure perfection of 'Esmund,' the tragic passion of the Brontë stories, the spacious beauty of 'Adam Bede,' the skilled vivacity of Dickens's masterpieces, or that chief of our historical romances, Reade's 'The Cloister and the Hearth.'" Of this a critic says: "To talk of the pure perfection of 'Esmund' is to talk balderdash. Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' was a novel without a hero, and a masterpiece; for Thackeray could not conceive or paint a hero, and when he tried, as he tried in the 'Esmund,' he produced a pure and perfect prig, a mere curiosity of literature. Prick Esmund, as Browning would say, and a polite phrase would start, or an elegant sentiment, but no blood. Esmund has no life in him; he is merely a lay figure dressed in the picturesque costume of an earlier time. And all 'the tragic passion' of the Brontë stories is to be found in Emily's 'Wuthering Heights,' and more decisively still in Emily's poems. And as for the spacious beauty of 'Adam Bede,' we will have none of it, preferring 'The Mill on the Floss,' though that comes to an end when it might have reached a fulfillment. And to praise in the highest 'The Cloister and the Hearth' is to echo Sir Walter Besant and therefore surely to be among those who dwell comfortably in Gath, practicing the art of turning platitude into paradox by exaggeration."



MR. DAVID N. BURKE.

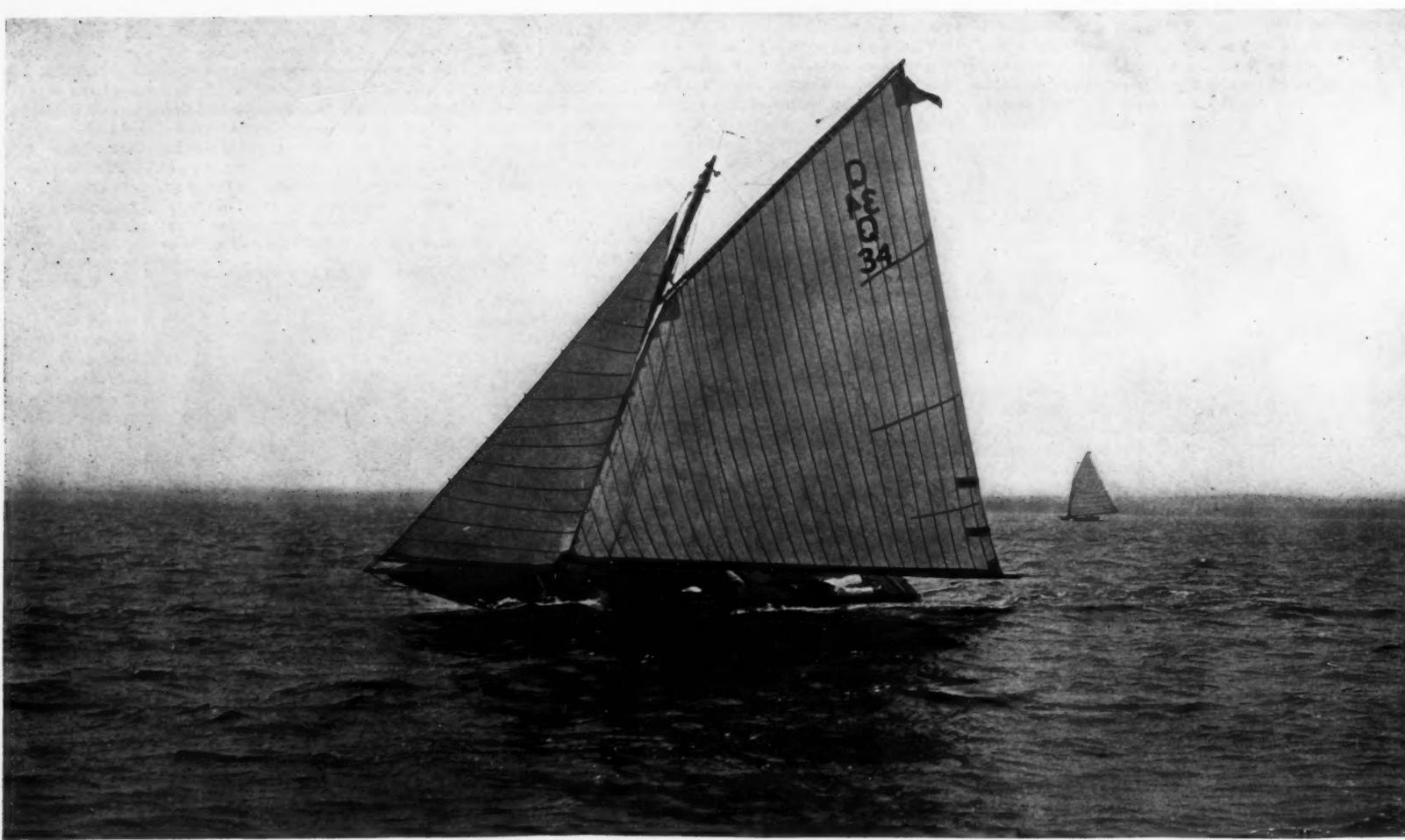
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MR. RALPH VOORHEES.

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THE "SHARK."

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Momo

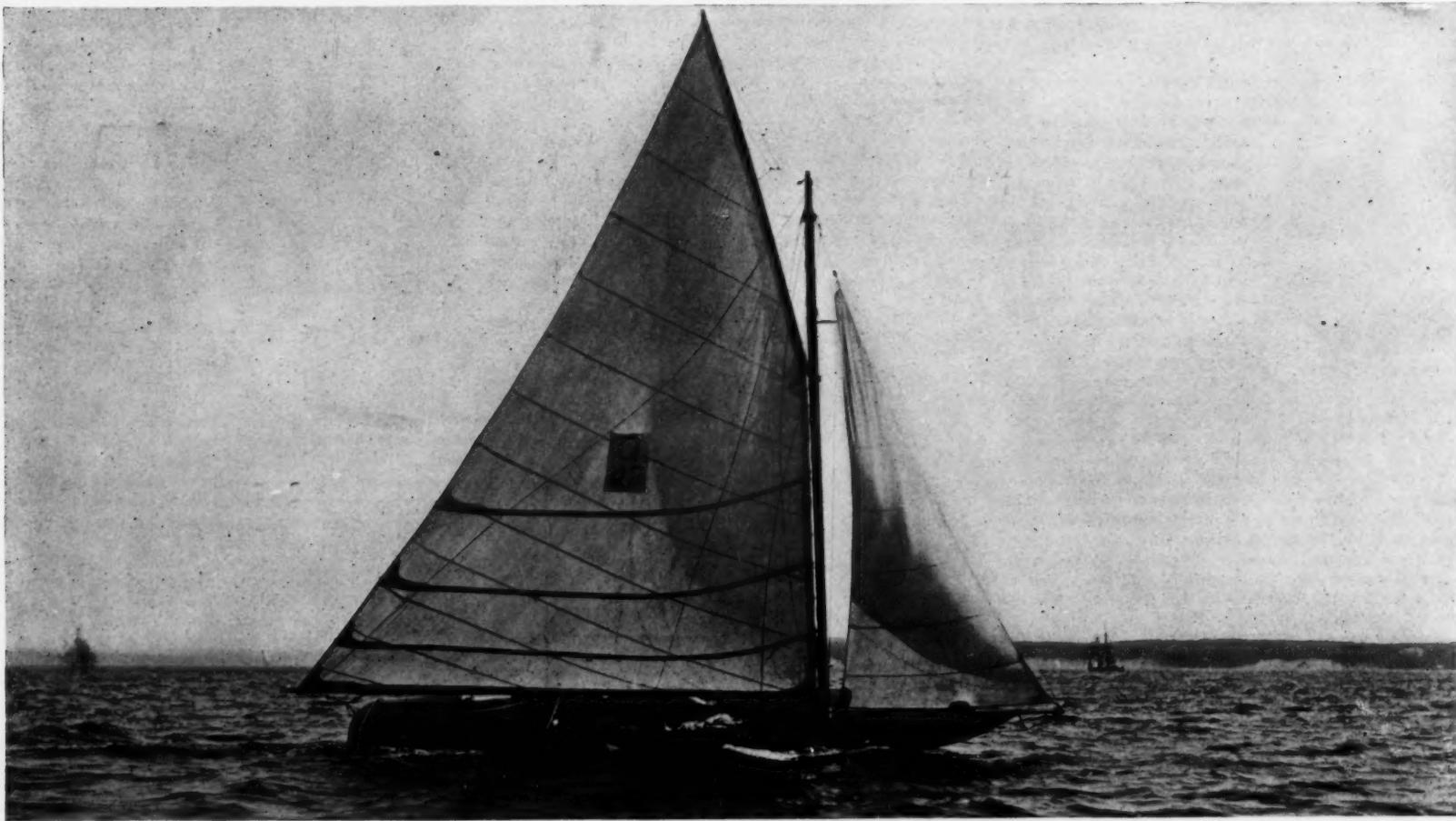
Shark

Slate.

Idea.

Keneu.

Photograph by Hemment.



MR. H. M. CRANE'S "MOMO."

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## TRIAL RACES OF THE TWENTY-FOOT YACHTS.

Mr. Crane's *Momo*, generally regarded as the champion twenty-footer, was badly beaten in the last trial race by the same owner's *Alanka*. It is likely that both boats will be sent to Montreal, and that the cup contestant for the international race on August 12th will be selected after further trials between the two on Lake St. Louis. Both yachts were designed by Mr. Crane's son.



*"At the rehearsals Nellie began to shower all her smiles on Robert Hewell."*

## NOT IN THE PLAY.

By SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

### PART I.

For weeks the young people of Oakville, a small town in West Alabama, had been "getting up" a play for a charitable purpose. Temporarily, balls had been relegated to a lower place in the esteem of young society. True, dancing was not wholly neglected, for when a rehearsal was over the disciples of Thespis often relieved their overtaxed emotions by a waltz or two. But even in the dance the talk was all of cues, *rôles*, and costumes. The course of amateur theatricals is no smoother in its running than the course of true love. Indeed, it is often

rougher, because there are more people in the cast. The assignment of parts was but the beginning of difficulties. It was not that there was a lack of *rôles*, but so many wanted the same *rôle*. No one wished to appear old or homely, and no one wanted to be that most important person—the villain. The part of an old maid, also, for a long time went begging. No girl would have it. So it was finally assumed by the funny young man, who shrewdly saw in the character an opportunity to contest with the hero and heroine the honors of the evening.

The heroine's *rôle* had been readily conceded to Nellie Merri-

wether, the belle of the village. The part of hero had not been so easily assigned. It was the popular opinion that Jack Oldham, a young lawyer, was the man for the *rôle*, for the best of reasons—he was already in love with Nellie. Jack argued differently from the same premise. He declined the part for the avowed reason that he had no gift for acting, but, secretly, because he did not care to act out his passion for the amusement of the town. So the part was given to Robert Hewell, Oldham's friend and partner in the law. When Nellie Merriweather heard of Jack Oldham's refusal to act the part of her lover in the play

she was much offended, and she resolved to punish him, and to inflict the punishment in a way most agreeable to herself.

"I'll make Jack Oldham sorry!" she exclaimed to her confidante, Ada Sefton. Then, under the rose, she communicated the details of her nefarious scheme to Ada's shocked ears.

"Oh, Nellie; don't! Jack and Bob are partners at the law, and devoted to each other. It might cause a quarrel that would break up the firm, or something worse even than that."

"I sha'n't let it go that far."

"You cannot tell how far it is going," replied the sober Ada. "You will never know what is passing between the two men. You are like a child playing with dynamite. Take my advice and don't try to pain the man who loves you, and whom you love."

But Nellie persisted in her scheme. As it was necessary to the success of her plot that Jack should not be out of the play altogether, she contrived to have him made prompter. Then she began to shower all her smiles upon Robert Hewell. She made appointments with him, in Jack's hearing, for private rehearsals, and bestowed upon the astonished Bob the fragrant *bouquetinnes* which she had formerly delighted to pin over Jack's loving heart. However, Hewell's heart was not touched, for his affections were engaged elsewhere. But, alas! Oldham did not note his partner's polite indifference to Nellie's charms, for his eyes were all for Nellie. It never occurred to him that any man could resist her attractions. By degrees he became very unhappy, and finally he made excuse of business and the speedy arrival of court week to surrender the office of prompter. This did not help matters much, for, besides the deprivation of seeing Nellie, which was like shutting off the light of day, his imagination painted her coquetry with Hewell much greater than it was. Further, as he and his partner occupied bachelor apartments together, the goings and comings of his supposed rival vexed his sight. Oldham fought against his jealousy. He tried to regard Hewell as a silly moth fluttering about the blaze of Nellie's beauty. Yet, as the days went by he could not keep the demon out of his heart. In spite of his endeavor to appear the same as of old in his business and other relations with Hewell, he grew silent and moody.

Before the day of performance arrived, the amiable and guileless Bob was about as much troubled as a sunny-tempered man could be, for, beside his annoyance from Jack's singular behavior, Mary Hayden, his own sweetheart, was growing restive at the sight of Miss Merriwether's coquettish glances.

"By George!" murmured the perplexed fellow, meditating over his solitary pipe, "I wish the infernal play was at Halifax. Mary's beginning to shy, and Jack mopes around like a pirate about to enter a monastery. I believe he's really jealous of me, and Nellie Merriwether doesn't care a fig for me. The little vixen is only trying to make Jack jealous, confound his idiotic soul! And he acts so queerly I can't explain matters to him. It's all Nellie Merriwether's fault. It's all right to coquet with me in the play, but I wish she'd cut it, off the stage. But I can't tell her so. If I did she'd think she was insulted, and I'd have that big, hulking brother of hers, Jim Merriwether, to thrash. It's a tough situation all around. But, thank heaven, the play will soon be over, and then I can keep away from Miss Nellie."

So matters went from bad to worse as the rehearsals progressed. Nellie Merriwether waxed more coquettish, Mary Hayden more cold and stiff, Bob Hewell more perplexed and annoyed, and Jack Oldham more jealous and miserable. The whole social atmosphere seemed so charged with electricity, it appeared hardly possible that the drama could receive its public rendition without the occurrence of something tragic.

The evening of the performance arrived. Oldham had been in court all day, engaged in the trial of an important suit, and he had lost his case. When Hewell came home about seven o'clock, to make some change in his dress before going to the theatre, he found Oldham sitting in the dusk and gazing gloomily out of the window, in a far worse frame of mind than ever before.

Bob lit a lamp and began his toilet in silence. Jack's appearance made him anxious and unhappy. He felt the change in his partner's manner keenly, for Bob's was an affectionate nature.

"If I had only a woman's tact," he thought, "I could clear up this wretched misunderstanding."

When Hewell was half through dressing, Oldham still sat at the window in his *robe de chambre* with the air of one who has no intention of going out.

"I say, old man, it's time you began to dress if you are going to the play," opened Hewell, blandly.

"I am not going to the play," replied Oldham, moodily.

"Not going to the play?"

"That's what I said," answered Oldham, slowly and distinctly.

"See here, Jack; if you are fretting over the loss of that suit you're an ass. We can't expect to win all our cases."

"I'm not fretting over the loss of the suit."

After a moment of silence Hewell walked to the window and laid his hand affectionately on Oldham's shoulder.

"Jack, old boy, there's a cloud rising between us, and it all comes from a misunderstanding. You are terribly deceived about a certain matter. I know I am clumsy, but I'm sure I could explain everything if you'd only listen."

Oldham shook off Hewell's hand. "Yes, you are clumsy about some things, but you are skillful, infernally skillful, about others."

"Go slow, Jack; take care!"

"As slow as you like. I didn't begin this conversation, but I'm quite willing to end it."

"Curse Nellie Merriwether!" muttered Hewell under his breath, and continued his toilet.

Like most amateurs, the amateurs of Oakville were ambitious. Instead of selecting several brief charades suited to their powers, they had chosen a lurid five-act drama that would have taxed the abilities of professional actors. Yet the parts had not been assigned wholly without judgment. Mary Hayden was a haughty countess; the funny young man her old-maid duenna; Robert Hewell a dashing young officer, in love with Nellie Merriwether, a gypsy dancing-girl, who returned his love, but was wildly jealous of the countess. The most exciting scene was to occur in the fourth act, where the gypsy girl, overcome

by jealous anger, shoots her soldier-lover. This scene had been most carefully rehearsed, and was expected to give the unsophisticated inhabitants of Oakville such a thrill as they had never before experienced. Indeed, a few of the actors feared that the effect might be too much for one or two spinster addicts to fainting, and they had warned these ladies to bring their smelling-salts.

Jack Oldham had a beautiful pair of pistols, and Bob Hewell had promised to borrow one of them for Nellie's use in the great scene. These pistols were the pride of Jack's eyes, and he disliked extremely to lend even one of them, and had agreed to do so only on condition that he himself be allowed to load it with the blank cartridge. Bob promised further that the pistol should be handled only by himself and Nellie.

When Jack had roughly nipped Bob's explanation in the bud the latter finished his toilet in mournful silence. Just as he was about to go he said to Jack:

"Oldham, where is the pistol loaded with the blank cartridge?"

"Over there," replied Oldham, gruffly, without turning his head.

When the sound of Hewell's hurried departure had died away from the staircase John Oldham still sat at the window, gazing gloomily into the night. The window opened upon a flower-garden, beyond which lay the sidewalk and street. Vehicles from the country passed by, filled with people on the way to the theatre, for the fame of the play had spread through the whole country-side. People on foot, also, ever and anon went gayly down the sidewalk, similarly bound. Sometimes snatches of conversation floated through the still night air up to Oldham's ears.

"They say Mary Hayden's about to discard Bob Hewell. She's hardly spoken to him for a week," said a clear-voiced girl.

"No wonder," replied her escort. "Do you think Nellie Merriwether really cares for him?"

"Well, she acts like it."

"I used to think she cared most for Jack Oldham, but since the play began—" and the rest escaped Oldham's ears in the distance.

By degrees the passing ceased and the street was still. There was not a sound to be heard but the singing of the katydids in the honeysuckles and myrtles. Still Oldham sat motionless, gazing into the night, more wretched than he had believed a man could ever be.

"My God! I can't stand this kind of life," he said under his breath. "I haven't slept half an hour for a week. It seems to me I'm losing my mind. I've lost my grip on the law. I lost that case to-day merely because I couldn't recollect the points I wanted to make. Court has just begun, and I shall lose every case I have on docket, and my legal reputation will be ruined. But who will care but my unlucky clients. Nobody! I haven't a near relative in all the world, and the woman I love better, much better, than my life, doesn't care a continental for me, and I can't make her. She loves my best friend, and I've quarreled with him. Worse still, I feel as if I shall kill him if something doesn't happen soon."

The miserable man rose to his feet and paced the floor in perturbation of spirit.

"Everything is dark. There's not a gleam anywhere. Not only am I a torment to myself, but I'm no pleasure nor use to any one else. The world and everybody in it would be much better off if I were dead."

He dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands. He did not sob nor shed a tear, but his breath came and went in catches, and his broad, deep chest heaved and shook. It is a strong man's way in trouble when he sees nothing outside of him to fight. With nothing externally tangible to oppose, his force returns upon himself and rends him.

After some moments he grew more composed. Then, with a white, haggard face, he sat down at a table, took a pen and wrote:

"DEAR NELLIE—You will never know how much I love you, for no words can say it. You won't let me live for you, and I can't live without you. Good-bye."

He sealed and directed this note, then on another sheet wrote again:

"Bob, old fellow, I'm sorry I've been so surly of late, but I was so wretched I couldn't help it. Forgive me."

This also directed and sealed, he placed both envelopes on the corner of the table nearest the door. Then he opened a drawer of the table, and taking out a revolver placed the muzzle against his heart and pulled the trigger. The report rang loudly through the empty house and startled the katydids in the garden into silence. For half a minute he stared at his scorched coat, then at the smoking revolver, in a dazed manner. Suddenly his wits came back.

"A blank cartridge!" he whispered.

"Great God!" he cried aloud, springing to his feet. "I've given Bob the wrong pistol!"

(To be concluded.)

### Lowell Memorial Park.

It seems probable now that the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, will soon purchase a portion of "Elmwood" for a public park in memory of James Russell Lowell, to be known as the Lowell Memorial Park. The agitation for the purchase of "Elmwood," Lowell's old home, for this purpose has been renewed within the past few weeks, and a huge petition was lately presented to the Cambridge park commissioners, signed by citizens in all walks of life, praying that the city take the estate for the purpose above stated. John D. Long, Seth Low, and Dr. Lyman Abbott are soon to issue an appeal to people throughout the country asking for funds to assist in purchasing the old home of Lowell. The Metropolitan Park commissioners have offered to give twenty-five thousand dollars, one-third of the price necessary to secure the

estate, the Lowell Memorial Committee are trying to raise the other twenty-five thousand dollars, while the city of Cambridge is expected to donate the balance of the seventy-five thousand dollars.

### A Reply to the Opinion of Doris on the Bicycle.

MY DEAR DORIS:—I would not for the world ask you if you yet ride a wheel, for I see you have signed an ultimatum in LESLIE'S WEEKLY that you would not ride a wheel for any consideration. You would better make a Lord Salisbury ultimatum of it. But, jesting aside, Doris, I want to talk with you. I am thrice a brother, once a son, and twice an uncle of nieces—how many nephews I have matters not—and as such I feel that I have a right to give you a talking to for your little diatribe on the lady and the wheel, which you refer too as if they were the lady and the tiger.

You open fire with the assumption that a woman, to ride a wheel, must wear the disgraceful and ungraceful bloomer. She does not have to, and what you are pleased to term a "womanly woman" is not in the least liable to do so. You say you cannot feel that women ought to be soldiers, or motormen, or bicyclists. Let me agree with you in form and say, I don't think they ought to be draymen or hostlers, or drive their own phaetons; or, again, I don't think they ought to carry a hod, or dig sewers, or raise a flower-garden. I believe if you and I got together and thought hard we could think of some hundred odd sets of things the first two of which a woman is more or less physically unfit for, and the third of which would bear no relation to the others, except from the fact that we had joined them in a sentence.

But what may a "womanly woman" do, Doris? Is it "womanly" to go to a reception and talk to men whom you have never seen before? In Turkey nothing is more unwomanly. Is it "womanly" to snuff tobacco? A hundred years ago it was. Is it "womanly" to smoke? South America says "Yes." What say you? In other words, dear Doris, what refined women, as a general body, do is "womanly"—even to the cruelties involved in wearing the feathers of song-birds and the mother egrets on their hats—what they avoid is not womanly, and that is all there is or ever will be to it.

Your answer to your girl friends' "crowning argument" that you "need to try neither rum nor the bicycle in order to preach against them," is very like your little collection of employments. Let me reply as before. I don't need to learn either swearing or botany in order to preach against them. There is just as much reason in refusing to learn to sing for your friends' pleasure at home because other women have helped the devil in low music-halls by their songs, except that drink and the bicycle are antagonistic while the same songs may be sung in both places.

I will not discuss with you now the questions of healthfulness, the added companionship you can give your brother when he wants to run out into the woods for a day off and explore beautiful wildernesses which ten years ago were inaccessible, nor the mere physical pleasure of a wise use of the wheel.

Learn to ride some dark night, Doris, for learning to ride is ungraceful always, though it is frequently very amusing to spectators. Wear a costume that is comfortable. The rest I leave to you, in full confidence that you will not "go scorching down the out-of-town roads among a lot of strange men," but will ride in a "womanly" manner.

After you learn to ride well you won't be half so conspicuous as you are now when you try to cross a street and dodge the biggers who have not sense enough to know that they should not ride in public—though dodging has become both a "womanly" and a manly trait recently. Your brother, ELIS.

### To a Butterfly.

THOU incarnation of the light,  
Coqueting with the fluttering sight,  
Looking as if thou'd ta'en a flight,  
Like winged flower.

Down from the sun's effulgent bright  
And burning bower—

The flashes of thy filmy wing,

Like gaudy pennon's fluttering,

That o'er the seas of sunlight spring,

A bark of light,

And with the wavy breezes bring

Us beauty bright.

Thou star of day, I see thee shine

Against the azure depths divine;

And where the twinkling tints combine

A flow'ry cell.

Thou feed'st on beauty rich as thine,

And loved as well.

The earth secretest rubies red,

The sounding sea its coral bed,

The lucid air creates instead

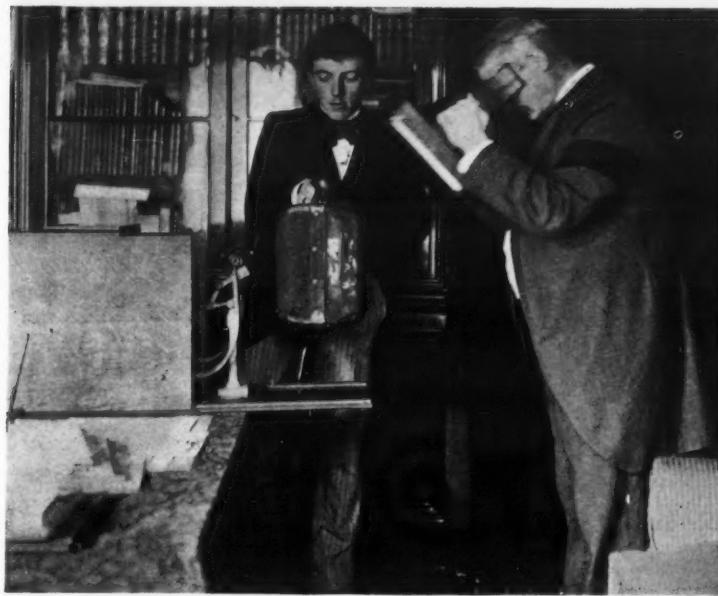
A living gem.

To wreath in circles round my head

Light's diadem. EDWARD WILBUR MASON.



HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



EXAMINING HAND-SATCHEL.

### "La Lorgnette Humaine."

THANKS to Professor Gaston Ségu's recent remarkable improvements in the apparatus for the production of X-rays, it will be but a short time before this discovery is applied in a practical manner in various branches of the French government service, particularly the customs, the inland revenue, and the weights and measures departments. The photographs which accompany this article, and which were taken specially for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, afford an idea of the workings of these new machines, of which a large number are now in course of construction on a government order, as a result of the tests under-

rôles will be in the customs service. That is clear, from the fact that the bulk of the Paris experiments, both in the office of the chief of the French customs, Monsieur Pallaiu, and at the Gare du Nord, were undertaken with a view to ascertaining the value of the invention as applied to the inspection of baggage and merchandise. The photographs published here illustrate the various phases of these tests. In one picture we see the delicate task of searching a female traveler's clothes for contraband articles successfully performed, and with as much discretion as thoroughness; in another we see the inspection of a woman's hat and hair—favorite hiding-places for jewelry, diamonds, etc., among the smuggling fraternity; a third picture shows us the method of inspecting hand-satchels, which also applies to all kinds of baggage.

The tests disclosed the presence of all metallic objects, gems, tobacco and cigars, and even of numerous textile fabrics, fine laces and brocades. It was shown that with the help of the "lorgnette humaine" certain adulterations of wines and liquors could be readily detected; also the quality of certain dyed silks. Finally—and this is of some

importance, in this age of bombs and dynamite—it was ascertained that an infernal machine, no matter how constructed, would not resist the test of the all-revealing light, but would at once surrender its grim secret under its irresistible spell!

The custom-house inspector will no longer trample rough-shod on our feelings. He will disappear forever, and in his place will come a mild and innocuous personage with something that looks like an opera-glass in his hand. If you have told the truth and have nothing to declare this new-comer will just take a fluorescent peep at your belongings and disappear from view like a fleeting shadow.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

### Our Consuls in Cuba.

As soon as General Fitzhugh Lee took his place as United States consul-general at Havana Americans began to feel a sense of security. It was only necessary to grasp the old soldier by the hand to know that he possessed a heart as big as himself, and that he had not come merely to draw a salary and then reproach his fellow-citizens with the fact that they were making a living outside of their own country and giving him a great deal of trouble. Whether General Lee considered that he was drawing a salary or not, he evidently thought that his first duty was to earn one, and he has never yet complained of the amount of work or trouble caused him by American citizens getting into difficulty. His own conception of his duty has been to get them out as quickly as possible.

My own arrest and imprisonment was his first case. I was arrested in Artemisa on the very day Lee arrived in Havana, but not knowing our new representative, and having experienced in the past the lack of interest usually displayed by our consuls in such cases as mine, I hardly had the courage to notify the consulate of my situation. Only a few weeks previous to my arrest by the Spanish authorities at Artemisa I was shown a telegram sent to our Havana consul by a consul in another part of the island, notifying him that he had received information that an American prisoner was about to be shot at a certain hour. Twenty-four hours after the expiration of the time set for the execution of the prisoner our representative at Havana replied to the telegram, asking for further information.

But in my case General Lee neither waited for me to be shot, nor wasted time in hunting for me behind prison bars or sending useless telegrams for information. I was General Weyler's prisoner, and it was General Weyler's business to tell why, not mine—a fact that our representatives generally lose sight of.

It is almost impossible for an American to go to Cuba and not become a rebel sympathizer. The Spaniards' idea of liberty in Cuba is one of licentiousness, and their misrule is of such startling corruption that the observer can scarcely help throwing his sympathies into the scale with those who appear to be battling for a better state of affairs. Perhaps it is for this reason that we find a set of consuls in Cuba to-day not only ready to help Americans who may be in difficulty with the Spanish authorities, but bearing the Spanish accusation that they are in a

general conspiracy to "bunco Spain" out of her colonial possession.

First among these may be mentioned Consul Alexander C. Brice, at Matanzas, another one of the worthy representatives with whom I have had a prison experience. Mr. Brice never hesitated in what he considered his duty, and his prompt appearance at my preliminary hearing before the Spanish military judge probably had as much to do in saving me an imprisonment in San Severino as the ridiculous aspect which I was able to put upon the case presented against me. Mr. Brice, like Lee, is an old soldier; and I may here remark that in my experience I have found soldiers and sailors to make good consuls, in the sense of their being ever ready to befriend or protect their fellow-citizens, wherever I have met them in the service.

Joseph L. Hance, a Philadelphian, is our representative at Cardenas. I found him, one sleepy summer day, up one flight of stairs, at the end of a long, vacant-looking room. He looked lonesome. I believe there was a desk in the far corner of the room, and two chairs, for I sat in one while he sat in the other and eyed me with the manner of a premier. Mr. Hance has traveled extensively. We passed many hours together while I was investigating war matters in Cardenas. It turned out that we had both lived under the same foreign flag, and the world is so small that we had both known the same people. As an exception to the general rule in our consular service, Mr. Hance is a literary man and a scholar. He speaks several languages fluently, and was private secretary to Mr. Bancroft while the latter was minister at Berlin. At the breaking out of the war between France and Germany, in 1870, he was one of the two correspondents permitted by Bismarck to accompany the Prussian army—Mr. Russell, of the *London Times*, being the other.

Mr. Walter B. Barker represents us at Sagua la Grande. He, too, is an old soldier ever ready to protect and aid the embarrassed American, and, like the rest of us, ever ready to throw his influence into the scale with the insurgents. His enthusiasm in this direction has on several occasions brought him in conflict with the Spanish authorities, but he still maintains his position with dignity and self-control.

At Cienfuegos I called upon our consul there, Mr. McGath, who received me in such an informal manner that I took him for a clerk, addressed him in Spanish, and mortified him, as I afterwards learned, by asking him if he spoke English. Many years' residence in Spanish-American countries has prepared him for some of the present situations which appeal so shockingly to those who have gone to Cuba fresh from the civilization of the North, and I have been told that both he and our consular agent at Trinidad have notified General Lee that they have no need of the fifty thousand dollars appropriated by our government for the relief of starving Americans, as there are none such in either of these jurisdictions. Probably both of these gentlemen are aware of the difficulty of starving a people in a country where the very trees produce, at all times of the year, a food such as that of the royal palm.

Señor Don Rafael Madrigal, of Sancti Spiritus, is a Cuban belonging to the class of wealthy farmers called *Haciendados*. Before the present insurrection he owned a productive farm from which he obtained almost everything that human appetite could desire, from sugar to coffee. Although his father was imprisoned and exiled by the Spanish authorities in the last war, which was the cause of his coming to the United States and receiving an American education, in the present he has been forced to abandon his estate and live within the Spanish lines of fortification. Our government has conferred upon him the distinction of consular agent at Sancti Spiritus, which distinction Mr. Madrigal appears duly to appreciate, although it is whispered that the Spanish government has refused to grant his *exequatur*.

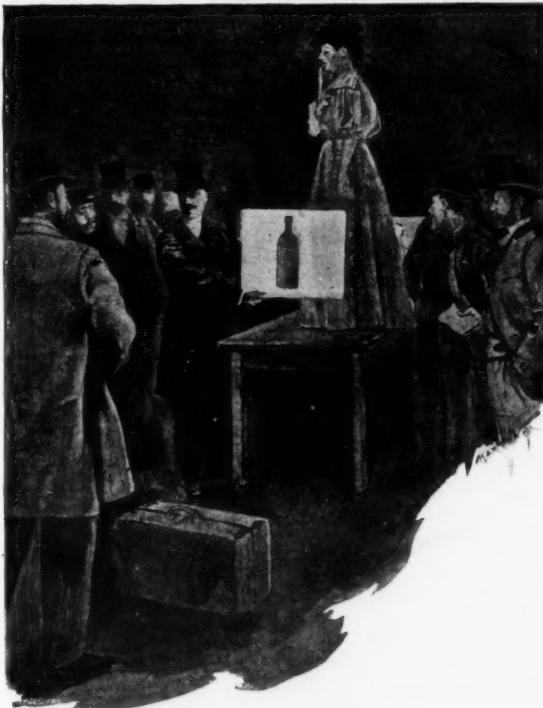
Daniel Quayle represents us at the old city of Trinidad as consular agent. He is the son of an Englishman, and, although brought up in the United States and England, he is characteristically a Cuban. He is very poor, receiving from our government only the pittance allowed for the signing of invoices, etc. He raises a flag of his own manufacture, claiming that he is too poor to buy one, and our government too mean to give him one. The stars are painted on what was once a blue field, with white paint; and the stripes are so many strips of turkey red sewed to white cotton.

While our consuls in Cuba are socially good fellows, and are ever ready to extend a helping hand to suffering citizens of this great republic, they persevere in a remarkable state of ignorance concerning the real situation in the island. Scarcely one of them seems to know that Weyler's so-called concentration policy was inaugurated by the rebels themselves; or, if knowing it, they have persistently laid its consequent evils to the captain-general. Although it is often a difficult matter for the best of men to be at all times honest, I do not wish to intimate that our consuls in Cuba are not honest, but their ignorance of the character of the people, the laws and language of the land, and their sympathies in a righteous cause blind them to the actual facts. With the exception of those, maybe, who have a knowledge of the Spanish language, they are led about the streets by some Cuban interpreter who would see his fair land freed from Spanish rule, and all the evils resulting from the two impotent forces are pointed out as the result of Weyler's concentration *bando*.

The truth is that, probably with one exception, not one of our consuls has ever seen a real live insurgent in the field, nor has he any means of knowing their standing except by what they themselves write and smuggle through the Spanish lines. Weyler's blockade, preventing correspondents and others going to the field to study the situation with the insurgent forces, and thus seeing what is on the other side of the fence, has been another piece of stupidity which has proved beneficial to the insurgents and detrimental to Spain.

It was only owing to my previous knowledge of the Spanish people and their language that I was enabled to pass the Spanish lines, and, upon my release from imprisonment in El Morro, I endeavored to get our consul-general to visit with me the insurgents in the field. The old war veteran entered heartily into my scheme, and I believe that if he had been allowed to follow his own counsel he would have gone with me, and, as a result, our government at Washington would be better informed to day on Cuban affairs.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.



SEARCHING THE PERSON OF A FEMALE TRAVELER.

taken in Paris at the Pavillon de Rohan and the Gare du Nord in June.

As the reader will see, the apparatus consists of a square case of the dimensions of an ordinary soap-box, with a sliding front, upon which rests the Crookes-tube holder. Inside the case is the accumulator, from which, by a single turn of a knob, the electric current passes through rubber-protected wires into the tube, thus producing the rays.

The "lorgnette humaine," or fluorescent stereoscope, through which in all the photographic illustrations one of the individuals is seen peering, constitutes the most important feature of Professor Ségu's invention. With the aid of this simple device that which has been impossible heretofore, viz., the examination of objects by means of the X-ray apparatus in broad daylight, is accomplished without difficulty. The operator adjusts the stereoscope to his eyes in any light, and the objects placed between the fluorescent screen at the base of his holder and the Crookes tube become as clear and visible as if the room were entirely darkened. This feature of itself must be considered a great triumph of science. At all events, its advantages have been made clear to the French government, and have led to the adoption of the machine for various purposes as above stated.

The chief advantage of the "lorgnette humaine" is that it simplifies the application of the X-ray to the extent of permitting the general use of Professor Röntgen's discovery without the trouble and expense heretofore attendant upon all experiments of the kind. One of its most important



INSPECTING A WOMAN'S HAT AND HAIR.



ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND.



CHILDREN WADING AT EXTREME LOW TIDE.



CLINGING TO THE ROPES.

Photographs by J. Burton.

ON THE ATLANTIC COAST—BATHERS O





HER FIRST DIP OF THE SEASON.



IN THE BREAKERS.

BATHERS OF MANY VARIETIES.



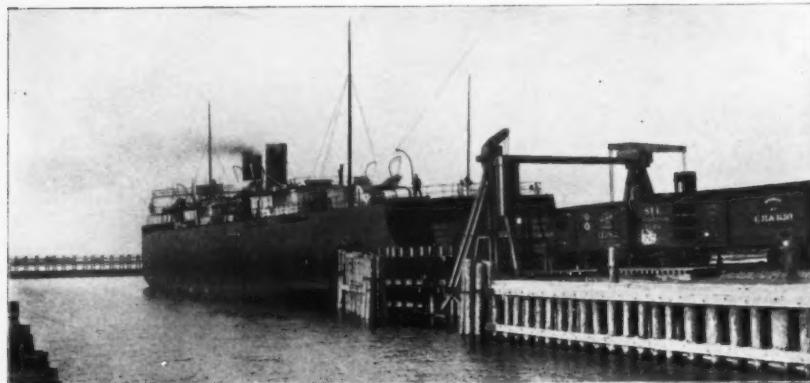
A VERY MODEST BATH.



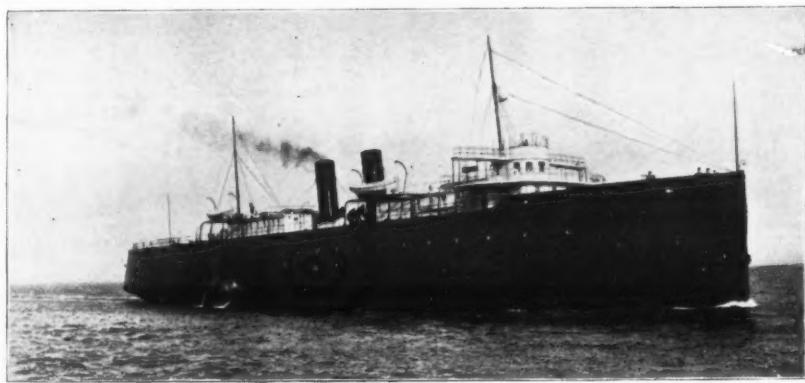
ENJOYMENT.



TAKING OUT A YOUNGSTER.



TAKING IN THE CARS.



Photographs by Melendy &amp; Packard.

CROSSING LAKE MICHIGAN.

### A Giant of the Great Lakes.

THE mighty steamer *Père Marquette*, of which two photographic views are given herewith, has the appearance and proportions of a transatlantic liner. Her destiny, however, is not the salt sea. She is one of the big things of the West—a vessel designed for special service on the great lakes. This service consists in the transfer of loaded railway trains from one line to another at points on opposite shores of the inland waters. This is a common thing in various parts of the country; but no car ferry-boat was ever before built on such a mammoth scale. Her measurements are: Length over all, 350 feet; between perpendiculars, 338 feet; beam, 56 feet; moulded depth, 19 feet 6 inches. There are four tracks, with capacity for thirty cars. The steamer is built of steel and has twin screws. The propelling power consists of two sets of fore and aft compound engines, of the inverted direct connected type. The cylinders are respectively 27 and 56 inches diameter, with 36-inch stroke. The vessel has two masts and two smoke-stacks. She was specially designed for the Flint and *Père Marquette* Railroad by Robert Logan, of Cleveland, and built by F. W. Wheeler, of Bay City, Michigan. Her regular service consists in transporting freight and passenger cars of the Flint and *Père Marquette* Railroad across Lake Michigan between Ludington, Michigan, and Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

### As We Live Now.

#### THE HOME OF THE GREASER.

NEW MEXICO is classed with the arid regions of the United States, but I found it moist enough. The day before we crossed the border from Arizona, a rain-storm, which repeated itself after an intermission of a few hours, had swollen to raging torrents the water-courses which rise in the northern mountains and empty into the Rio Grande. There are places where these water-courses would go by the name of "criks"; in California they would be called *arroyos*; in New York you would speak of them simply as mountain streams. In their normal condition they are harmless outlets for the upland springs. In the Southwestern country, when it rains it rains for a funeral; and woe betide the railroad traveler who fails to take the rain into account in planning his line of march. The natives account for a deluge by calling it a cloud-burst, which is poetic but not scientific.

In the middle of the night our train came to a dead stop, and we were told that there had been a wash-out on a little stream which rejoices in the unsavory name of Puerco. We perceived, in fact, when day dawned, that the stream was more than bank-full, and that swirling billows of muddy water had carried away two-thirds of a flimsy wooden bridge, over which the trains cross. We had to "transfer" and to walk the plank. Next night it was the Mora, which flows down the valley between the Glorieta and the Raton mountains, that had broken bounds and swept away the clay bank on which the supports of an iron bridge rest. To make the road safe, and travel regular, extensive repairs are necessary; the traveling community will be pleased to hear that the Atchison-Topeka company has now the funds and the disposition to undertake these required improvements.

Though the Territory of New Mexico is the oldest white settlement in the United States, antedating the Pilgrim Fathers and the founders of Jamestown by nearly a century, it has never emerged from the nursery to the school-room. In size it comes up to the Western average, but the population is scattered along the Rio Grande, and chiefly concentrated in the four cities of Santa Fé, Las Vegas, Albuquerque, and Socorro. Over one-half the people are what is elegantly termed "greasers"—that is to say, a hybrid race, in whose veins Spanish and Indian and negro blood are mixed. They are an impossible people. They go to church; but they have a vague idea that New Mexico is ruled by one Washington, who is viceroy of the King of Spain; they see no harm in blood-letting or theft; and when their daughters stay out over-night the truancy is condoned if they bring back a little silver in a fold of their serape.

The twin towns of Las Vegas, one of which is inhabited by the Mexicans, the other by the Americans, are three or four miles apart. In the former the traveler is shown the ruins of an old church and other old buildings which are said to have been constructed by followers of Cortes; the stones look as if they might have been cemented with Indian blood. In the American town the most conspicuous edifice is an emporium in which Crosse & Blackwell command their Durham chewing-tobacco to customers; but the true life of Las Vegas lies back from the railroad, and is found in saloons and dance-halls which, though they show signs of decay, still keep on hand a sufficient stock of "Shepherd's Delight" and rasping "eye-openers."

Years ago Las Vegas was the winter resort of the James brothers and their pals. Bob Ford, who killed Jesse James, kept a dance-hall there; it was said to be one of the most elegant palaces of pleasure in the West; if the floor had not been so carefully scrubbed it would show more blood-stains than can be seen in that hall of the Alhambra where the Abencerrages were massacred. Both Ford and the James boys were the idols of the Missourians who drifted South. It chanced to be my fortune to attend the funeral of Jesse James, and I am bound to say that better-conducted obsequies, or a more genuine display of mourning, I never beheld. The outlaw was buried at his family home in Clay County, Missouri. From far and near, mourners in wagons and buggies, on horseback and on foot, came to pay their last tribute of respect to the highwayman whose exploits had filled them with admiration. Three clergymen had volunteered their services; they prayed and preached with unction and fervor, and when they paused, a choir, which atoned for lack of melody by tremendous lung-power, sang hymns about the happy land far, far away, where there are no railroad-trains to plunder and no wounded prisoners to put out

of their pain. A sympathetic congregation melted into tears at the thought, and a gray-haired Missourian with tobacco-juice dribbling from his goatee, like the oil from Aaron's beard, expressed his views by ejaculating, with the Texas politician: "He was a greater man nor old Grant."

Las Vegas was a favorite winter resort of Billy the Kid. Billy was the gentleman who was always willing to give the odds in twenties that he would shoot off the heel of a dancing-girl's shoe without perforating her opulent calf, and it is due to his memory to record that when he lost his bet and made a hole in the lady's stocking he always recompensed her like a true gentleman. Billy carried on war against society for many years, but at last the campaign narrowed down to a duel between him and Sheriff Pat Garrett, of Socorro, and Pat, catching him coming round the corner of a wood-pile in the gray of the morning, with hearing dulled by much over-night whiskey, drew a bead on him between two logs, and the coroner took charge of the remains with philosophic composure.

A family that was highly respected at Las Vegas bore the name of Herrera. Between the heir apparent and two of his cousins a slight difference of opinion arose; the heir caught his cousins unawares and inserted his knife in the back of each of them in spots where it would do the most good. His wrath not fully sated, he tied their bodies to the tails of burros, which scampered off like the horse to whose tail the unhappy Brünnhilde was fastened; when they were discovered it would have puzzled an anatomist to say where their noses ended and their chins began. Herrera, the father, could make every allowance for ebullitions of youthful vivacity, but he drew the line at mutilation of corpses. Seizing his son by the collar he dragged him into Las Vegas and handed him over to the authorities, but before they could lodge the prisoner in jail an indignant crowd disposed of the case and the criminal with a short rope thrown over a telegraph-wire.

At this present writing the boss of New Mexico is Billy Green, who is deputy United States marshal at Socorro. How many men he has killed modesty forbids him to enumerate, but the list is long. He is a tall, thin man, with a sallow face and deep, cavernous eyes. He is more like an itinerant preacher than a desperado. His manners are as mild as those of the detective who shot ex-Chief Justice Terry at the breakfast-table at Lathrop, and his voice is low and sweet like a woman's. For the benefit of strangers I may add that his temper is easily ruffled, his aim sure, and his finger quick.

The old Santa Fé trail, by which immigrants reached California before the American occupation, journeying from Shreveport, Louisiana, or the bend in Red River, or some convenient point on the Mississippi, can still be traced through valley and ford to the spots where the ancient Spaniards testified their piety by bestowing upon their settlements such names as Trinidad and Santa Fé. It was an exciting journey. When the immigrants crossed a level stretch of country they sang songs in lightness of heart, for the Indians, shrewdly appreciating the long range of the American rifles and the deadly aim of the Texans and Tennesseans, kept out of sight. But whenever a broken country was reached, or the caravan entered a defile, a Comanche or an Apache was generally to be found crouching, bare as a baby, and as ravenous for food. It was then a question whether a white or a red man should be potted for breakfast. Dark passes are shown where the bones of immigrants were picked clean by the coyote, and the story is told of men who used to say that a day without a dead Indian was a day lost.

Both Indian and Indian-hunter are fading into history. In tepees on the Colorado a squalid remnant of Navahoes and Moahaves still lead the life of the aboriginal savage. The women beauteous passing trains with offerings of fruit, wild flowers, and pottery. Such hideously grotesque objects as the wrinkled, dirt-color faces of the old squaws, Doré never conceived in his most gawky fancy. Some of the young women are passable, with their long, straight black hair gathered under a substitute for a mantilla, their tattered skirts, their tight-fitting drawers, and their bare feet and ankles. Each wears a scarlet cape, which is often adorned with embroidery. Tribes which persist in living in spite of the ravages of alcoholism and consumption have been gathered into reservations, where their numbers do not seem to diminish.

Not many white men are left who saw the Indians of the Southwest in the days of their power and their glory. One of these survivors, whose name is Allen, and who is now a prosperous and rotund citizen of Kansas City, made their acquaintance thirty-odd years ago on the plains of northern New Mexico

and Colorado. He was a boy when the war broke out, and joined General Price's Confederate army as a scout or spy. Captured by the Federals, his shirt seemed likely to be short, but his face bore such indications of bucolic simplicity, and he answered questions with such stupid candor, that the Union officers contented themselves with kicking him out of camp. He then resolved to anticipate the future by declaring peace on his own account. He laid down his arms and announced that he was reconstructed. Choosing a smooth mesa on the Mora River, he built him an adobe hut and lived there, raising cattle, which he drove across the plains to St. Louis. From his roof he could survey hundreds of square miles of rich, treeless prairie, whose silence was only broken by the thundering gallop of herds of buffaloes shaking the ground like an earthquake, or by the march of thousands of Indians on the war-path, bent on exterminating a hostile tribe. There was not a white settlement within two days' journey of his home.

In the mountains whose foothills are intersected by rills whose waters flow into the Rio Grande there are mines, but they are not rich. Ore of some value has been found in the Raton Mountains, and some mining has gone on for years in the neighborhood of Socorro. The late Mr. Billings built a smelter there, and is said to have made money, though the ore he treated were generally low grade. The smelter is now shut down.

The real industries of New Mexico are cattle and wool. Las Vegas is one of the largest primary markets for wool in the United States. The whole Territory is spotted with sheep-farms, which are held under Spanish grants. Of these the largest is the Maxwell grant, which is something like sixty-two miles square and runs from the Canadian right across the railroad. Another large property is the Bell grant, which adjoins the Maxwell grant on the southeast. Both are immense tracts of exceedingly fine land, bearing a grass on which sheep and cattle thrive. But, probably in consequence of errors in the management, the English syndicates which own them are not believed to make money. It takes a week to ride round the Maxwell ranch, and at every step of the way the eye encounters fat cattle, heavy sheep, and beautiful meadow-land; it is only the owners who are lean and poor.

Inclosed in the Maxwell grant is the ranch once owned by S. W. Dorsey, of Star-route fame. Stories have been published of the magnificence of his domain, and of the palatial castle in which he was reputed to dispense a baronial hospitality. There is some mistake about this. He lived in an old adobe house, which he improved and enlarged. He was glad to see his friends there, without any pretense to feudal splendor; but his home was no more like an English baronial castle than the new Baptist chapel built on the Rio Grande is like St. Peter's at Rome.

JOHN BONNER.

### Charleston up to Date.

THIS is a momentous summer for Charleston—trolley-cars have been introduced. Recorded of any other town the fact would seem trite and commonplace enough; but those familiar with Charleston people and Charleston ways know that this is as startling an innovation as if old St. Michael's were to cease chiming out devotional themes and start in on "A Hot Time in Old Town To-night," or some such godless tune. They don't do things by halves in Charleston. They either do them thoroughly and entirely, or else they leave them alone. This embracing of the trolley is one of the things done thoroughly. The very choicest part of the city's pet thoroughfare is to be given up for its accommodation—certain favored blocks on King Street, hitherto preserved inviolate from any kind of public traction. Trolley-cars have been under consideration before, and the city fathers have denied them entrance. Electric cars and other mechanical means of transportation that have, at various times, threatened establishment, have received the cold shoulder.

Ever since the project was first under consideration, conservative citizens have been wondering if they could get out of the way in time; for Charlestonians are not wont to hurry. The majority think that they went quite fast enough before, behind the long-eared mules on the Enterprise road, or in the Blue Line cars on Rutledge Street. But it is the business men, the younger business men of the place, who have changed the possibility of swifter locomotion into startling reality. They protested that, on going home to dinner at three o'clock, they sometimes had to wait full ten minutes on the corner for a car, and they could not stand it. The older men, on the contrary, thought that they ought to stand it; and when the issue came the older men lost.

The ease and grace of bearing of the older men of a certain set in Charleston has been complimented by visitors of their own sex from the outside world. The younger men are said to be provincial and a little, just a little, wanting in drawing-room graces. Is the old-time slowness and the new-time hurry to blame for this?

Of her own volition Charleston is seldom in the public eye. She never has a woman's congress, or a celebrated divorce suit, or an Endeavor convention, to attract notice and set tongues to wagging. She never gets up a boom, or an exposition, or a carnival, or other big drawing-card to advertise herself with. Occasionally there is a dispensary disagreement, or a registration squabble, or a mock blockade, with which she has to do, but these things are not of her seeking. Her natural bent is to go quietly on attending to her own affairs and let the world slip by—to Florida or anywhere else it has a mind to; in fact, was not Ashley Junction connived at for this express purpose—to let tourists slip by?

The sudden revulsion in favor of modern ways and improvements, as shown in her acceptance of the trolley, is regarded with astonishment by those who know her best and perhaps have loved her for her distinctive disregard of all things politic. There is no knowing what may happen now, they think. The people may stop drinking cistern and artesian water, and really begin to dine at seven instead of three, thus inviting indigestion. Summerville, Lincolnville, even Ten Mile Hill, may contract the habit of coming to town on the whizzing trolley, and so crowd things uncomfortably. It may even fall out that, with this avowed preference for up-to-date doings, the citizens may discard their jogging-boards and refuse to have their chimneys swept by other than mechanical appliance. In that case what is to become of the army of inky-faced sweeps who now scuttle, brush in hand, up the long flues, and loiter like moths of blackness about the streets; and what are the Charleston sweethearts to do if jogging-boards are voted out of date? For generations the jogging-board has been the jousting-ground of the Charleston lover. All the hammocks and swings and rustic settees in the world will never make up for the jogging-board. It is a distinctively Charleston institution, not to be found anywhere else, and as a promoter of ease in conversation it has no equal. Moreover, it need not necessarily be a *tête-à-tête* affair. The jogging-board is amply long, and there is no limit to the number of people it can accommodate and soothe into sociability. If the weight gets so that the board is bent to the floor a change of the wooden stands or "horses" on which it rests will compose things comfortably again. A Charleston house having one piazza (a rare occurrence) has one jogging-board. Two or three piazzas involve two or three jogging-boards, one in each, the number of boards only limited by the number of piazzas. The typical Charleston house turns its gable end to the street, and has piazzas from basement to top that are walled up on the front end. The next-door neighbor's piazzas are on the other side of his house, so that there is no danger of overlooking. This has always been the approved arrangement, but the piazzas may come round to the front with the craze for modern improvement.

It would seem that when the up-to-date trolley took possession of things the ground-nut maumers, and the nurse-maumers, and the market-maumers, with their smiles and courtesies, must put off their bandanas and wear hats, and the watchman up in the orphan-house steeple must cease calling out the reassuring "All's well!" after announcing the hours and half-hours and quarter-hours each night. These picturesque survivals of the old *régime* seem out of key with the hustling trolley, and must give way before it as other time-honored customs have gradually given way to other innovations.

It is but a decade or so since the practice of ringing the public bells at seven and nine o'clock in the evening in winter, and at eight and ten o'clock in summer was abandoned. There was strenuous opposition, but the conservatives were overruled. The ringing of these bells was in accordance with the city ordinance when they were rung to warn the slaves who were out on the streets to repair to their rightful quarters. When there were no longer slaves to notify, the practice was kept up because the people had got used to it.

It is hard to get conservative people to adopt new ideas, but slowly and surely the older cities are losing the distinctive habits and customs which characterized them, and falling in rank with the march of latter-day fashion. Even the character of the population changes, leavened with an almost imperceptible leaven that may not be kept back.

The old must give place to the new in the natural order of things, but, whether progressive or retrogressive, the old seaport must always have a charm for those who have sojourned within her borders. There is romance in her walled-in gardens, historic halls, and beautiful East Battery, where sometimes the ocean hurls its waves in the very face of the tall houses. She keeps a perfect mine of interest on tap for those who know how to get it, and she is not too strait-laced either, as her ball-goers can testify. If some one objects that her hotels are poor and her people hard to get acquainted with, why, that will all be changed by the trolley, now that the break is once made.

OLIVE F. GUNBY.

### Summer Corn.

LIKE maiden soldiers, rank on rank,  
A lush battalion 'neath the morn,  
With ox-eyed daisies on the flank,  
Behold the summer corn!  
  
Their swords are flexible to the breeze;  
Their martial music rustles sweet;  
And all their tapering muskets seize  
The shimmer of the heat.  
  
Their marching-orders bid them—where?  
To mark soft time in furrowed mould,  
To pillage all the summer air  
And turn it into gold!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

### LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

#### Bartlett's Columbus.



It has been reserved to the year 1897 to have the privilege of seeing the first piece of sculpture modeling cross the Atlantic from Europe, to be cast in bronze in America. The fame of our bronze-casters has grown very rapidly in the last few years. At the present time, however, there is in the hands of the Henry Bonnard Company a statue of Christopher Columbus, by Paul Bartlett, which was designed in Paris, and might have been cast in bronze there much more cheaply than here. It was preferably sent to America by Mr. Bartlett. Mr. Bartlett is a noted artist, a man of international renown, and the first American sculptor who has spent years on small sculptural details.

The statue is seven feet high, exclusive of the pedestal. When cast, it is to be placed in the rotunda of the new Congressional Library at Washington. It is most spiritedly executed, and represents the discoverer in the attitude of one gazing over an endless waste of water towards an unknown shore.

Paul Bartlett is a young American, thirty-five years of age, whose birthplace is Boston. Mr. Bartlett lived in that city until 1889, when he went to Paris, where he has been ever since. Although American sculptors are not as well known in Europe as American painters, Mr. Bartlett is one of the few exceptions.

#### The First Iron-clads.

CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN, the veteran advocate of a free-ship law as the proper remedy for our moribund merchant marine, is responsible for a recent statement about iron-clads which is likely to provoke some antiquarian discussion in naval circles. He commanded a small American steamer, the *William Penn*, flying the Stars and Stripes, that was chartered as a transport vessel in the Crimean war, first by the French and later by the Turks. His contracts kept him busy amid the scenes of that picturesque and sanguinary struggle.

He claims that in the short but fierce engagement between the allied fleets and the Russian batteries at Kinburn, in October, 1855, the English made the first rude attempt at iron-clads. As he describes them, they were curiously-primitive concerns, floating almost as low as rafts, with open bulwarks, thinly plated with sheet-iron, and with decks rounded up so that a shell might roll into the water in case it did not at once explode. At this battle of Kinburn, he adds, "the masts were taken out of these bark-rigged vessels, and they were towed as far as it was prudent for the tugs to accompany them, and then they propelled themselves under the batteries, which they successfully silenced."

Now, Captain Codman is half right in this statement, but wrong in one particular, which is important enough to constitute the other half. Such vessels did figure at the reduction of Kinburn. They were floating iron batteries, so-called, but the credit of them belongs not to England, but to France. They were three in number, named the *Devastation*, *Lave*, and *Tonnant*, and had been constructed at Vincennes by the French engineer, Guieysse. Their length at the water-line was one hundred and sixty feet, width forty-two feet, draught eight feet, and they carried a plating of four and one-half-inch iron backed by eight inches of oak. Their engines were of only two hundred and twenty-five horse-power, but they showed twelve port-holes each side, carried twenty-two fifty-pounders each, and were remarkably steady in the water.

It is among the curiosities of those times that W. H. Russell,

the famous Crimean correspondent of the *London Times*, gives France ample credit for these novel engines of war, but, if he knew they were *iron-clads*, he either suppressed or ignored the fact in his narrative. In his description he merely says they were "curiously unprepossessing in appearance, and painted a bluish stone-color, as if to increase the gloominess of their aspect."

With all the formidable array of battle-ships, steam frigates, gun- and mortar-boats brought to bear on the Russian works by the Allies, it was these three floating iron-clads that ran up under the nose of the Russian batteries and "opened with a magnificent crash. The damage done by the tremendous force of their fire was dreadful."

Now, there are two dust-covered facts of history that establish John Bull's amazing dullness of intellect over the vital importance of this new naval armament. When France had completed these dangerous weapons the plans of the vessels were obligingly sent to England for use against the common foe in the Crimea, but Sir James Graham, then dozing at the head of the British admiralty, took no stock in this implied insult to the invulnerable powers of Britannia's wooden war-ships. Not only this, but England, even after the convincing Kinburn experiment, left France to reap the first fruits of the new idea by building the iron-plated screw frigate *La Gloire*. It was not, indeed, before 1858, when Napoleon III. was well under way with his crude iron-clad navy, that England, in great alarm, fell in slowly with the latest fashions.

All these early efforts, of course, were faint and feeble, viewed in the light of the monster iron navies of to-day. They were totally forgotten, at the time, in the thunder and smoke from Hampton Roads in 1862, when the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* clashed in the first duel of iron-clads the world had ever known. "Almost at a single touch," says the *Cornhill Magazine* of that date, "the magnificent steam sea-going navy upon which we have been lavishing our millions for years past has been virtually dissolved, and the mighty arm which we extended from ocean to ocean has been paralyzed. Our wooden idols must go." England felt and talked as if the day of judgment had come; that her lost supremacy on the seas boomed from the *Monitor's* deck.

It is quite impossible to assign credit for the first idea of supplementing with iron the strength of a wooden ship in battle. We know the buccaneers of Norseland ranged their bucklers along the vessel's sides, and the Normans, as far back as the twelfth century, ran a belt or armature of iron around their ships. Similar expedients were used in the Crusades, and a vessel plated with lead figured in the expedition against Tunis in 1535.

Be that as it may, Captain Codman seems to believe that the iron batteries at Kinburn (whether French or English matters little now) rather prejudice our American reputation for priority in iron-clads. By no means. The effect of that Kinburn experiment was faint and spasmodic and local. It was the roar of our iron-clads at Hampton Roads that woke the sleepers in every navy-yard of the globe.

When it comes to a question of priority we can go back of Hampton Roads and Kinburn, for the two great principles which have revolutionized naval warfare—namely, the iron-plated floating battery and the revolving iron turret—are American in origin.

The earliest recorded floating battery with iron plates was designed by Robert Fulton in 1814, and intended to break the English blockade of the Hudson and Chesapeake. Congress ordered it built, but the war was over and the articles of peace were signed before Fulton finished his ponderous *Demologos*; and, as her career was cut short by the explosion of her magazine in 1829, the great discovery had no chance to set new styles in naval strife. No less it was Fulton's iron battery germ which the French developed in the war of the Crimea, and which Stevens, of Hoboken, about the same time (1854), applied to his famous but ill-starred marine battery of three-and-one-half-inch plates, which New Jersey fell heir to and sold at auction, still uncompleted, in 1874.

And the heavily-plated revolving turret—that wicked and deadly feature of the *Monitor's* armament which made the Old-World sea-dogs tremble in their wooden shoes—how many people in this country can now remember that this patent stands on the books at Washington, under date of 1846, to the credit of Theodore Timby, of Dutchess County, New York? How many, in the sweeping tributes to Ericsson for the *Monitor's* achievement, will recall that Mr. Timby was handsomely compensated for the use made of his invention on the deck of that immortal craft?

While France, therefore, was actually first in the battle front with her floating iron batteries at Kinburn, and while the world at large has sagely appropriated the revolving-turret system, it is the patriotic duty of the Empire State to foreclose her mortgage, in the names of Fulton and Timby, on the two great principles of naval architecture that have banished antique wooden warfare from the seas.

S. P. BUTLER.

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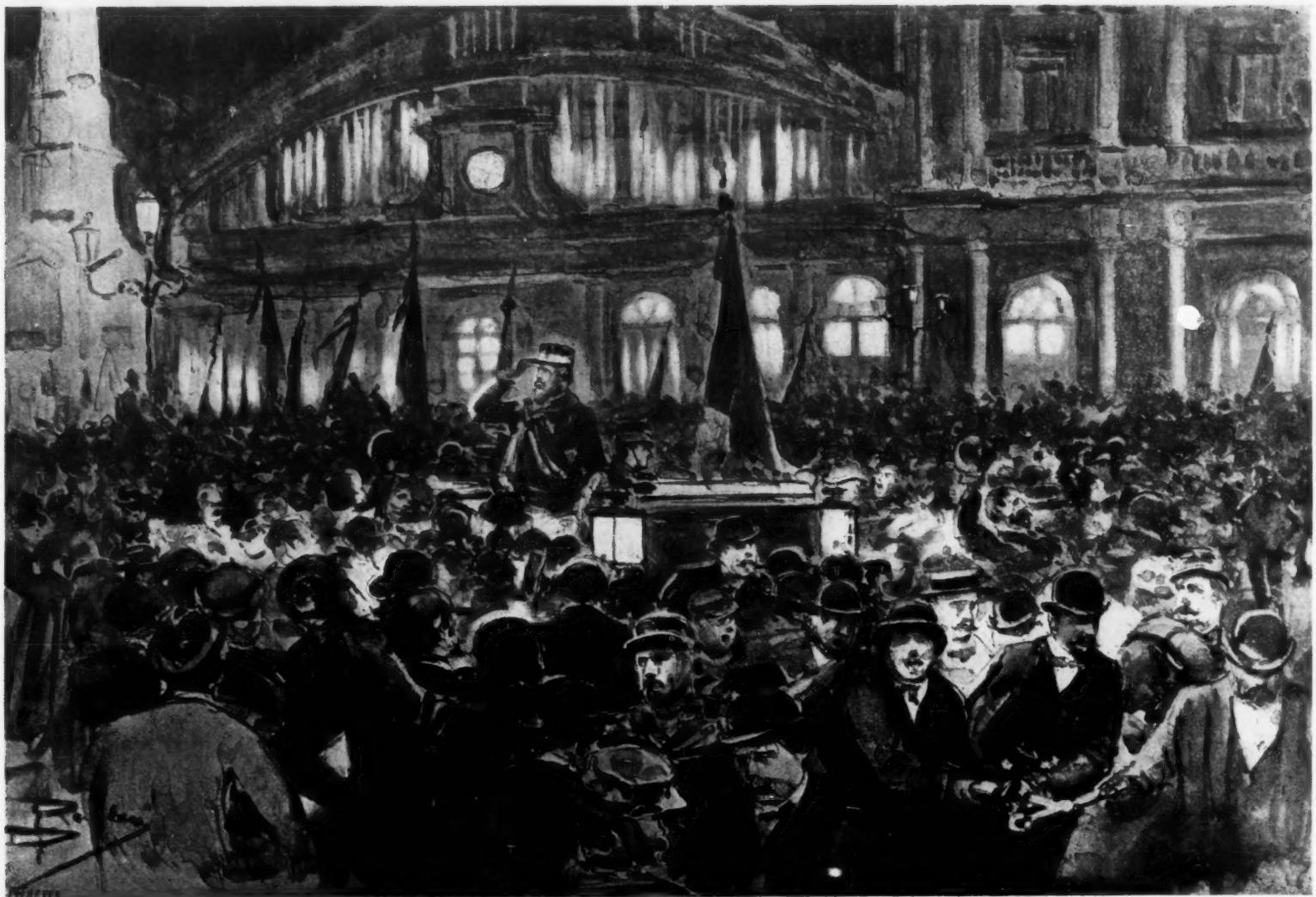
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Our Standard Hand-made  
**Pittsburg Stogies**  
As good as the best 10c cigar. Mild, delicious, easy smoking. Box of 100, \$1.50 (all charges paid).  
R. & W. JENKINSON CO., Pittsburg, Pa. [L & T, OH]

## \$50 Crawford Bicycles

Not last year's models, but the latest 1897 improvements and equipment. Crawford quality and price are right. Agents wanted. Catalogues Free.  
THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO., HAGERSTOWN, MD.

## WERNER Half-Pint Champagne

25c. a bottle.

HAS NO PEER.

Possesses a flavor and natural dryness of its own.

I cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy wine.

A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D., Prof. of Chemistry and Physics, College City of N. Y.

Served in all Restaurants, Hotels and Road-houses.

A. WERNER & CO., 52 Warren St., N. Y. City.

## BETHEL MILITARY ACADEMY, VA.

Value \$100,000. 66 miles from Washington in Northern Virginia. Prepares for advanced study and for business. Charges extremely low. Patronage from 22 States. Address for illustrated catalogue, R. A. MCINTYRE, near Warrenton, Va.

**ALL AGES** Hail with delight the coming of the most wonderful, meritorious preparation that will lighten the ills of humanity and will do away with the taking of obnoxious, violent purges, inconvenient liquids, and pills that tear your life out. Simple, because in

## Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC

You find just what you want, convenient in form, pleasant of taste (just like candy), and of never-failing remedial action. Although made of the most costly ingredients, they are sold at a price within the reach of all.

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

From Baby to Dear Old Grandpa.

EVERARD'S TURKISH, RUSSIAN AND ELECTRIC BATHS. Permanent and Transient Rooms. Moderate Prices. 24 to 30 West 28th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

### THIRD CONTEST,

Judge's Picture Puzzles, begins in this week's Judge. \$250 IN PRIZES.  
FOR SALE AT ALL NEWSDEALERS'.

A WILLING horse is often overworked. So is the stomach. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters give the much-needed lift. All grocers, druggists.

THE SOHMER PIANO ranks among the best for excellence of tone, durability and finish.

THE DRINK THAT MAKES YOU STRONG AND GIVES YOU PLEASURE—GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE.

YOU KNOW DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS IS THE ONLY GENUINE. DON'T BE DECEIVED.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

SET of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

#### ILL-TEMPERED BABIES

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill-temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

#### BLENDING HUNTER RYE WHISKEY.

The blending of whiskies is rapidly rising, if not to the level of a fine art, at any rate to the dignity of one of the exact sciences. Apparently it is a most simple process, but if it be exercised in its ideal perfection requires the keenest discrimination and the closest attention to every detail. The theory in blending is to combine in one product all the prized characteristics found in different types, but never present altogether in a single "straight" whiskey. Mixing, however, is not blending. The task is only begun when the component parts are put together, and however well matured the various constituents may be, the object of blending is practically missed if facilities be not given for the development and absorption of the several vegetable oils and volatile ethers, and for their gradual combination into one perfect and harmonious whole.

These points are gradually finding increased recognition among blenders, and various means are adopted to attain the desired end. One device for which Messrs. William Lanahan & Son are responsible has for its main idea the application of the well-known principles of heat and motion, by perfect aeration of each and every particle to secure maturity and development, as well as a most thorough and intimate amalgamation of all the ingredients of the blend; the ingredients being standard brands of well-matured and finely-developed Maryland ryes. The apparatus designed to effect this purpose has been erected by this firm at a large expense, the receiving cisterns or vats holding forty-five thousand gallons of whiskey. It is in these vats that the blending is done, there being eight in number. The whiskey in each vat is subjected to ten thousand revolutions in ten hours. It is very properly claimed that this enormous amount of motion and aeration has the effect of completely removing all impurities, and that the result of this continual agitation of the whiskey is an improvement and mellowing down, consequent upon the enormous evaporation, that can be accomplished in no other way. The greatly renowned brandy houses of France, and the sherry houses of Spain, in putting upon the market their fine products, always offer a blend of their respective goods. The business of producing fine blends has been in existence in Europe for more than a century, while in this country it is comparatively in its infancy. The public can feel assured that they can always secure better uniformity and better matured goods, possessing more intrinsic merit, in reputable blends than in any other class of whiskies.

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#### LONDON (ENGLAND).

THE LANCHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

NOTICE. As a reliable guarantee that a Dress or Mantle emanates directly from one of the Chief Parisian Dressmakers, and is of the greatest credit of the current season, the Syndicate of the Parisian Dressmakers has taken the following decision: "The waistband attached to such Garment must bear the Official Stamp (a fac-simile of which follows at side), stating the season and year in which it was produced."



#### TEASET (56 Pieces) FREE

with \$10.00 orders of Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc. Great reduction in prices. Send for New Premium and price-list, etc.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., \$1 and 38 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. P. O. Box 280.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A bath with this soap has a sweetening effect which is delightful. Pimples, black-heads and eruptions (Persian Healing) vanish when it's used. Nothing better for the every day toilet.

Sold by druggists.



#### DEER PARK.

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

(Main Line B. & O. R. R.)

Season Opens June 21st, 1897.  
SUPERB HOTEL AND COTTAGES.

For rates, rooms, and other information apply to D. C. JONES, Manager, B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Md.

AGENTS' OUTFIT FREE. NO CAPITAL NEEDED. Weekly sales pay big money. BICYCLE. We make a high grade as low as \$24.00. Fully guaranteed. Shipped anywhere on approval, direct from our factory. ALPINE CYCLE CO., Dept. 84, Cincinnati, O.

#### The Bicycle Sensation

1897 COLUMBIAS AT \$75.

Standard of the World.

1896 Columbias - - - at \$60.  
1897 Hartsfords - - - at 50.  
Hartford Pattern 2 - - - at 45.  
Hartford Pattern 1 - - - at 40.  
Hartford Patterns 5 and 6 at 30.

These are the new prices. They have set the whole bicycle world talking—and buying.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalog free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for a 2-cent stamp.

## PROPOSALS FOR \$10,053,017.27

### OF 3½% Bonds and Stock OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Exempt from Taxation by the City and County of New York.

#### Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED BY AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE PASSED MARCH 14, 1899, TO INVEST IN THESE BONDS AND STOCK.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Thursday, the 29th day of July, 1897,  
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

when they will be publicly opened, as provided by law, for the whole or part of the following-described Coupon or Registered Bonds and Stock of the City of New York, bearing interest at three and one-half per cent, per annum, to wit:

**\$1,750,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "ADDITIONAL WATER STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1916.

**9,209.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "SANITARY IMPROVEMENT SCHOOL-HOUSE BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1916.

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**500,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR REPAVING STREETS AND AVENUES. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**400,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR LAYING WATER MAINS. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**20,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "POLICE DEPARTMENT BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**949,036.82** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, STREET AND PARK OPENING FUND STOCK. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**867,310.08** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF REVENUE BOND ISSUED FOR THE PAYMENT OF AWARDS, ETC., IN THE FORT WASHINGTON PARK PROCEEDING. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**389,431.90** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF REVENUE BONDS ISSUED FOR THE PAYMENT OF JUDGMENTS FOR THE AWARDS, ETC., IN THE MATTER OF ACQUIRING THE SITE FOR A COURT HOUSE FOR THE APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**3,000,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "DOCK BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1927.

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made by such highest bidder or bidders. If said highest bidder or bidders shall refuse or neglect, within five days after the service of written notice of the award to him or them, to pay to the Chamberlain of the City of New York the amount of the stock or bonds awarded to him or them at their par value, together with the premium thereon, if any, less the amount deposited by him or them, the amount of such deposit or deposits shall be forfeited to and be retained by the City of New York as liquidated damages for such refusal or neglect.

The Comptroller, with the approval of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, shall determine what, if any, part of said proposals shall be accepted, and upon payment into the City Treasury of the amounts due by the persons whose bids are accepted, respectively, certificates thereof shall be issued to them as authorized by law.

The proposals, together with the security deposits, should be inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and then inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see City Record.

**ASHBEL P. FITCH,**  
**Comptroller.**

CITY OF NEW YORK,  
FINANCE DEPARTMENT—COMPTROLLER'S  
OFFICE.  
JULY 15, 1897.

#### JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building,  
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor,  
New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M. Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen and firemen; electricians, boilermakers, boilermakers, and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder.

Those who are not entitled to exemption as to any calling or permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

AN GOOD CITIZEN IS DUTY-BOUND TO SERVE IN THE COURSE OF JUSTICE AND SOCIETY, AND RESPECTABLE JURIES AND EQUALIZE THEIR DUTY BY SERVING PROMINENT WHEN SUMMONED, ALLOWING THEIR CLERKS OR SUBORDINATES TO SERVE, REPORTING TO ME ANY ATTEMPT AT BRIBERY OR EVASION, AND SUGGESTING NAMES FOR ENROLLMENT. PERSONS BETWEEN TWENTY-ONE AND SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE, SUMMER ABSENTEES, PERSONS TEMPORARILY ILL AND UNITED STATES JURORS ARE NOT EXEMPT. EVERY MAN MUST ATTEND TO HIS OWN NOTICE. IT IS A MISDEMEANOR TO GIVE ANY JURY PERSON ANOTHER NOTICE OR TO TRY TO AVOID ANY JURY DUTY, OR TO GIVE OR RECEIVE ANY PAYMENT OR BRIBE, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, IN RELATION TO A JURY SERVICE, OR TO WITHHOLD ANY PAYMENT OR MAKE ANY FALSE STATEMENT, AND EVERY CASE WILL BE FULLY PROSECUTED.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,  
Commissioner of Jurors.

#### CHEW

## Beeman's

The

Original

## Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

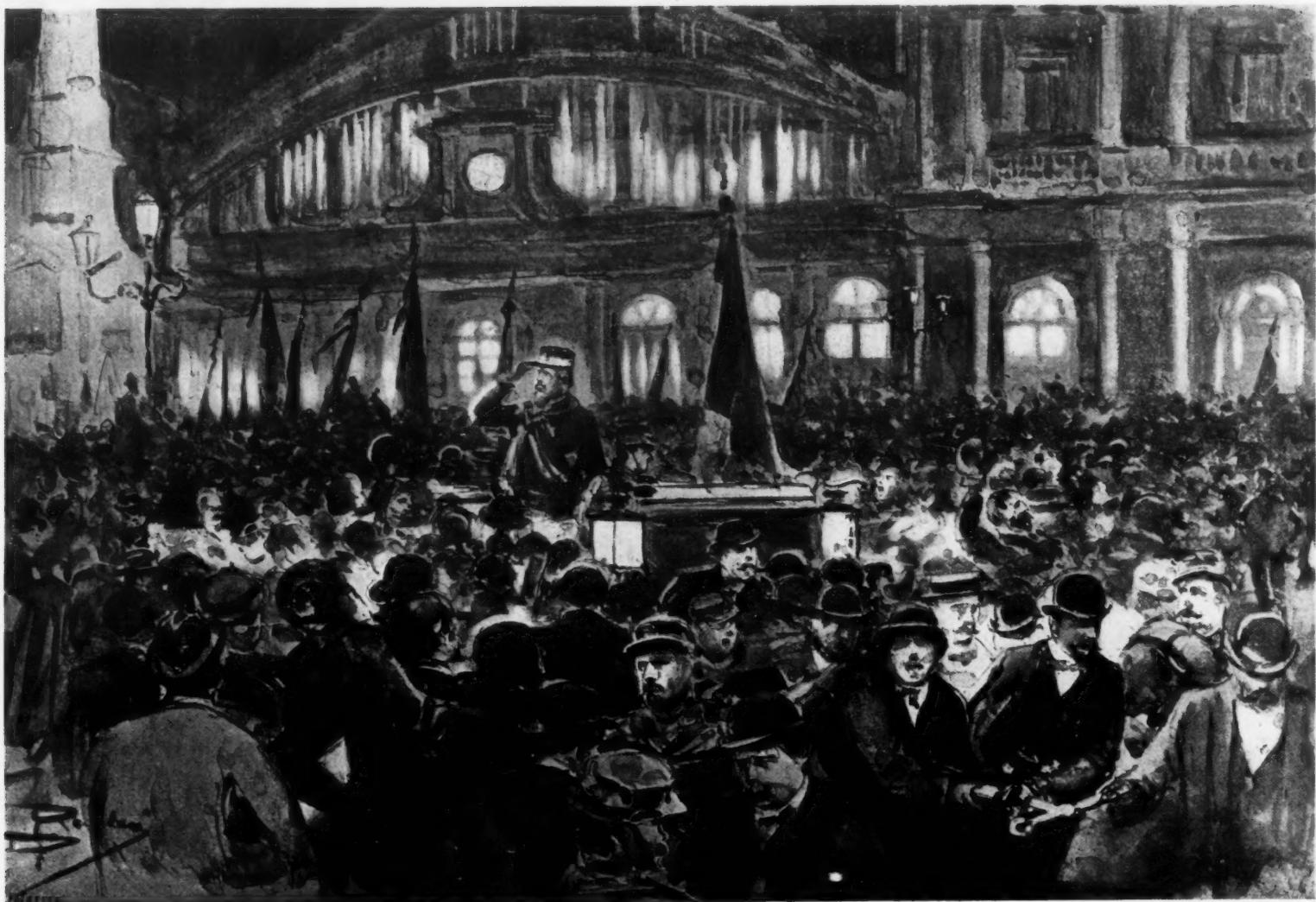
Wilbur's LATEST FAD IN DOUBLE WEAR. HIGHEST MATERIAL WEIGHT POSSIBLE STYLE GRADE BOXING. TOP 3 IN DEEP Wizard. Wilbur Shirt & Collar Co. TROY, N.Y.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO.,  
Piano Manufacturers,  
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Want ed." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, N.Y.



POPULAR OVATION TO RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI, IN ROME, ON HIS RETURN FROM GREECE.—ILLUSTRAZIONE ITALIANA.

Ricciotti Garibaldi is a son of the great Italian Liberator, whose martial spirit he inherits, and to whom he bears a marked personal resemblance. He headed an expedition of Italian volunteers in aid of the Greek cause in the recent war.



## THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN.

MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

Do not be wrongfully prejudiced against a bottled Cocktail until you have tried the "Club" brand. The principle is correct, the ingredients the best, and the result is all that can be desired. Try them and satisfy yourself.



These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

### AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.  
39 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.  
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.



## An Easy Sway

of the figure, unhampered by waist bands and the tight connections of two-piece garments—that's the freedom there is in

## Ypsilanti Health Underwear

It's a single piece that perfectly fits the figure. The proper elasticity prevents pinching or bulging. It has patented features that no other underwear possesses.

For Sale Everywhere. Book Free.

Hay & Todd Mfg. Co.,

Ypsilanti, Michigan.  
"Never rip and never tear, Ypsilanti's Underwear."

OPPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS  
AND CURED IN 10 TO 20 DAYS. NO PAY TILL  
CURED. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

## CRESCENT BICYCLES.



70,000 sold in 1896. The Popular Wheel at the Standard Price and no better wheel at any price. The unprecedented demand for Crescents is the result of selling an Honestly made wheel at an Honest price. . . . Agents Everywhere. Catalogue Free.

### WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.

Factory: Chicago. Eastern Branch: New York.

## Save 8½ cts.

Every Time You Smoke

Our Standard Hand-made

## Pittsburg Stogies

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**250,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR NEW BUILDINGS, ETC., FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**500,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR REPAVING STREETS AND AVENUES. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**400,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR LAYING WATER MAINS. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**20,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "POLICE DEPARTMENT BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**949,036.82** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, STREET AND PARK OPENING FUND STOCK. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**867,310.08** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF REVENUE BOND ISSUED FOR THE PAYMENT OF AWARDS, ETC., IN THE FORT WASHINGTON PARK PROCEEDING. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**389,431.90** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF REVENUE BONDS ISSUED FOR THE PAYMENT OF JUDGMENTS FOR THE AWARDS, ETC., IN THE MATTER OF ACQUIRING THE SITE FOR A COURT HOUSE FOR THE APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT. Principal payable Nov. 1, 1918.

**3,000,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "DOCK BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1927.

The resolutions of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, exempting said Bonds and Stock from local taxation, were adopted pursuant to the authority of an ordinance of the Common Council approved by the Mayor October 2, 1880, and Section 137 of the New York City Consolidation Act of 1882.

THE PRINCIPAL OF AND THE INTEREST ON THE ABOVE-DESCRIBED BONDS AND STOCK ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OF THE PRESENT STANDARD OF WEIGHT AND FINENESS, AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

CONDITIONS provided by Section 146 of the New York City Consolidation Act of 1882, as amended by Chapter 103 of the Laws of 1887:

No proposal for bonds or stock will be accepted for less than the par value of the same.

Each bidder must deposit with the Comptroller in money, or by certified check drawn to the order of the said Comptroller upon a State or National bank of the City of New York, TWO PER CENT. of the amount of the proposal, including premium. No proposal will be received or considered which is not accompanied by such deposit. All such deposits will be returned by the Comptroller to the persons making the same within three days after decision as to the highest bidder or bidders has been made, except the deposit or deposits

made by such highest bidder or bidders. If said highest bidder or bidders shall refuse or neglect, within five days after the service of written notice of the award to him or them, to pay to the Chamberlain of the City of New York the amount of the stock or bonds awarded to him or them at their par value, together with the premium thereon, if any, less the amount deposited by him or them, the amount of such deposit or deposits shall be forfeited to and be retained by the City of New York as liquidated damages for such refusal or neglect.

The Comptroller, with the approval of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, shall determine what, if any, part of said proposals shall be accepted, and upon payment into the City Treasury of the amounts due by the persons whose bids are accepted, respectively, certificates thereof shall be issued to them as authorized by law.

The proposals, together with the security deposits, should be inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and then inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see City Record.

**ASHBEL P. FITCH,**  
Comptroller.

CITY OF NEW YORK,  
FINANCE DEPARTMENT—COMPTROLLER'S  
OFFICE.  
JULY 15, 1897.

#### JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building,  
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor,  
New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, writers, actors, singers, daily newspapermen; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually engaged in their calling; such as Grand, Special, Signal and Civil Engineers, and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption. If liable he must answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy-five years of age, men and women, and temporary, ill and United States jurors are not exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,  
Commissioner of Jurors.

**CHEW**  
**Beeman's**  
The  
Original  
**Pepsin**  
**Gum**  
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST  
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A  
DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,  
Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

**Wilbur's LATEST FAD**  
IN  
DOUBLE WEAR  
HIGHEST MATERIAL WEIGHT  
POSSIBLE STYLE  
LAUNDRY GRADE  
TOP 3 IN DEEP  
WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO.  
TROY, N.Y.

THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**  
Heads the list of the highest grade  
pianos. It is the favorite of the artists  
and the refined musical public.  
**SOHMER & CO.,**  
Piano Manufacturers,  
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.  
GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Want  
ed." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, N.Y.



WOMAN.

"I think it's horrid of the men to stare so. Don't you?"  
"Yes. Let's hurry and get into the water."

"Oh, wait a moment. I see Mr. Fiend coming this way with his kodak."

**URBANA  
WINE COMPANY  
Gold-Seal  
Champagne**

For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers.

Post-Office:  
URBANA, N. Y.



Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.  
725 Market St., San Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.



**ED. PINAUD'S  
"PARIS"  
QUEEN OF  
VIOLET  
PERFUMES.  
VIOLETTE REINE"  
MOST EXQUISITE AND REFINED.  
THE TRUE ODOR OF THE LIVING FLOWER.  
BEWARE OF INFERIOR PERFUMES SOLD UNDER SIMILAR NAMES.**

**Ball-Pointed Pens**

Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

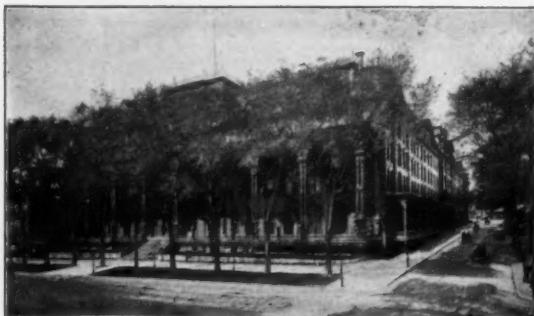
Suitable for writing in every position; glide over  
any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel. BALL-POINTED pens are  
more durable, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for  
25 Cents, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of  
H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St., New York.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market St., Philadelphia.  
HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk St., Boston.  
A. C. McCURDY & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.  
BROWN BROS. Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.

**THE UNITED STATES HOTEL**



Saratoga  
Springs,  
New York.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL. Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is the largest and most perfectly appointed resort hotel in America. It has for years been the centre of the brilliant social life of Saratoga. Spacious public and private apartments, an unsurpassed cuisine and service, the finest of music and delightful entertainments, are the features which have always made "The States" a popular Summer home. Illustrated pamphlet and rates upon application. One of the finest Golf links in America.

GAGE & PERRY, PROPRIETORS.



Two 24-Hour Trains to Chicago Every Day—The NEW YORK CENTRAL.



You may not think a soap is best  
Because you see it advertised;  
But ask some friend who's made  
the test  
And learn how Ivory Soap is  
prized;  
Then you may buy, and like it, too,  
As millions of good judges do.

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For any one with *weak lungs* an

**Allcock's** Porous  
Plaster

placed on the chest and another between the shoulder-blades, is invaluable. Ask for Allcock's. See you get Allcock's.

**FOUR HUNDRED  
AND TWENTY MILES  
VIA**

**CHICAGO  
GREAT  
WESTERN  
RAILWAY**

Maple  
Leaf  
Route

**CHICAGO  
ST. PAUL  
AND MINNEAPOLIS**

F. H. LORD, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, CHICAGO.

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Pearce Hygienic  
Fleeced Underwear**

**NO IRRITATION—DOES NOT SHRINK.**

A decided advance over all other under-garments. Prevent colds and secures comfort and health.

All moisture (whether from perspiration or sudden drenching) passes through the woolen fleece-lining to the cotton on the outside, and the part next to the body becomes almost instantaneously dry.

Made in shirts and drawers, vests and pants, combination suits and night-robés; all sizes and weights, for men, women, and children, in white, ecru, and colored.

For sale by leading Dry-Goods, Furnishing, and Clothing Stores.

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Manufacturers, Philadelphia.  
WM. EWART & SON, Ltd. (Underwear Department, J. B. Seward, Mgr.), 115 and 117 Franklin Street, New York, Sole Agents for United States.

"It may be true what some men say,  
It maun be true what a men say."

**PUBLIC OPINION**  
endorses  Sapolio.—  
It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.